A Psychiatrist Tells:

WHAT TO DO ON YOUR WEDDING NIGHT

Challenge

For Men

SEPTEMBER 25c

"I Lived Among Amazon Headshrinkers."

MAKE YOUR FORTUNE IN THE ANTARCTIC

A Prisoner of War challenges the Big Brass:

"GIVE OUR CAPTURED GI'S AN EVEN BREAK!"

MEN PAST 40

Who are Troubled with *Getting Up Nights*

Pains in Back, Hips, Legs, Nervousness-Tiredness, Loss of Physical Vigor

The Cause may be Glandular Inflammation

The Excelsior Institute is completely equipped to give the latest and most modern scientific Diagnostic and treatment services.

The highly trained Staff of Doctors and Technicians is so extensive that your physical condition may be thoroughly checked during the day you arrive here.

TREATMENTS EXCLUSIVELY FOR MEN

The Excelsior Institute is an institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of diseases of men of advancing years. If you were to visit here you would find men of all walks of life. Here for one purpose —improving their health, finding new zest in life and adding years of happiness to their lives.

During the past two years men from over 1,000 cities and towns from all parts of the United States have been successfully treated here at the Excelsior Institute. Undoubtedly one or more of these men are from your locality or close by . . . we will gladly send you their names for reference.

RECTAL and COLON Troubles TREATED Non-Surgically

Rectal and Colon disorders are often associated with Glandular Inflammation. These disorders if not corrected will gradually grow worse and often require painful and expensive surgery.

We are in a position to take care of these troubles either with or without Glandular Inflammation treatments.

The proper treatment of such disorders can very easily change your entire outlook on life.

Men as they grow older too often become negilgent and take for granted unusual aches and pains. They mistakenly think that these indications of Ill Health are the USUAL signs of older age.

This negligence can prove Tragic, resulting in a condition where expensive and painful surgery is the only chance.

If you, a relative or a friend have the symptoms of Ill Health indicated above, the trouble may be due to Glandular INFLAMMATION.

GLANDULAR INFLAMMATION very commonly occurs in men of middle age or past and is accompanied by such physical changes as Frequent Lapses of Memory, Early Graying of the Hair and Excess Increase in weight . . . signs that the Glands are not functioning properly.

Neglect of such conditions or a false conception of inadequate treatments cause men to grow old before their time . . . leading to premature senility, loss of vigor in life and possibly incurable conditions.

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The non-surgical treatments of Glandular Inflammation and other diseases of older men afforded at the Excelsior Institute have been the result of over 20 years scientific research on the part of a group of Doctors who were not satisfied with painful surgical treatment methods.

The War brought many new techniques and many new wonder working drugs. These new discoveries were added to the research development already accomplished. The result has been a new type of treatment that is proving of great benefit to men suffering from Glandular Inflammation or Rectal and Colon trouble.

COMPLETE EXAMINATION AT LOW COST

On your arrival here we first make a complete examination. The Doctors who examine you are experienced specialists. You are told frankly what your condition is and the cost of the treatments you need. You then decide whether or not you will take treatments recommended.

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If your condition is acute and painful you may come here at once without reservation. Complete examination will be made promptly.

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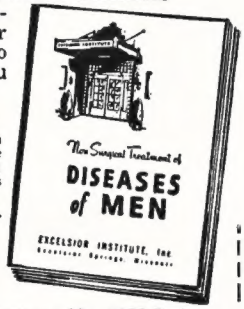

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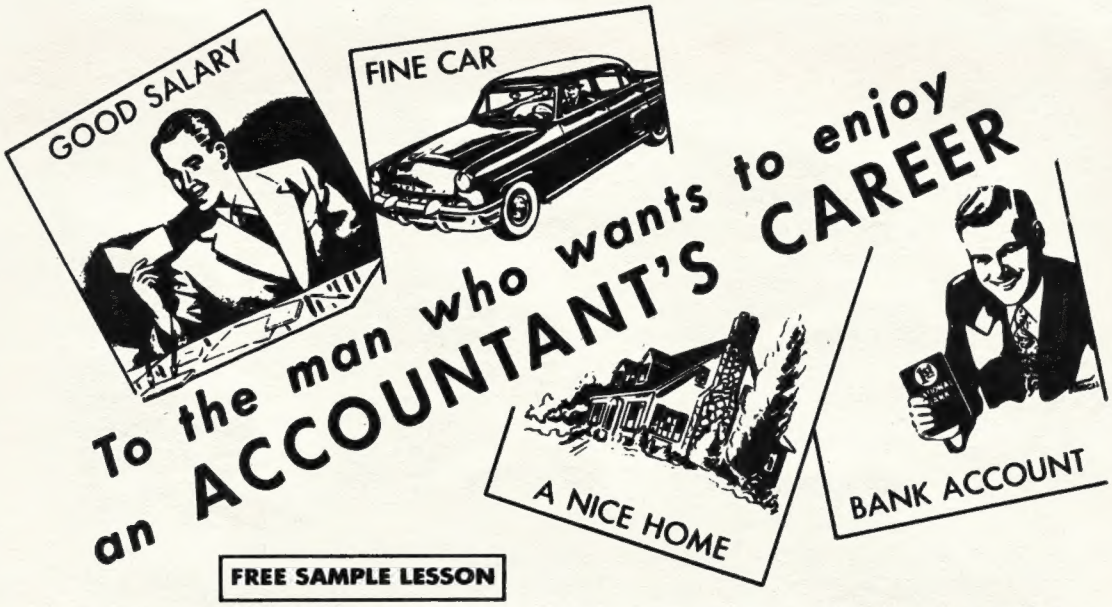

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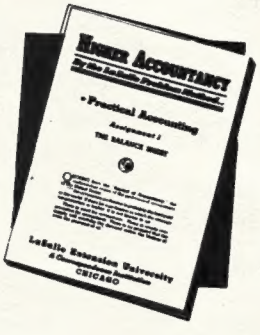

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For Men

A Pyramid Publication

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letters to the editor.....

live with a model

What a break! This photographer Russ Meyer is married to Eve Meyer, one of the most beautiful girls in the country (*Cheesecake Marriage, July 1955*). And to top it off he gets her to model for free! How lucky can a guy get?

I'm a photographer, too. And I'm married, too. But when my wife models for me, I have to submit the pictures to *Dog World*.

Please withhold my name.

Name Withheld
San Francisco, Calif.

beware of these women!

I read THAT story (*Beware of Women Sex Criminals, July 1955*). And I was shocked.

Women who pick up strange men and force them to have relations! Seven times! It's uncivilized.

I am enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope. Could you please send me a list of the names and addresses of the awful women who committed these crimes?

James Mecho Leonard
Miami, Fla.

● Sorry, you'll have to find your own.

mind over saucer?

Flying saucers, flying saucers. I'm so darn tired of flying saucers – everybody sees them and everybody writes about them (*I Know Where Flying Saucers Come From, May 1955*).

I think that if you study the minds of the people who see them, you'll discover that flying saucers are just high-flying hallucinations.

My advice is: if you see a flying saucer, see a psychiatrist, too.

Ainsley H. Smithton
Philadelphia, Pa.

I have seen a flying saucer. Many of my friends have seen flying saucers. Thousands of people throughout the world have seen flying saucers.

Yet, there are still people who insist that it is all in our minds!

Let me tell you – it's all in *their* minds. And I think they should spend time with a head doctor.

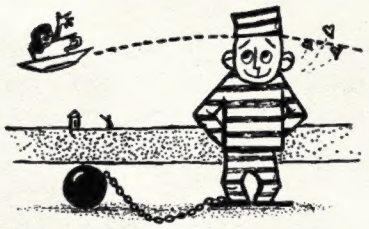
Arthur F. Quinby
Denver, Colo.

● Mr. Smithton, meet Mr. Quinby. Choose your couches!

pen pal, for real

In your last issue, there was a letter from a girl who signed her message Lonesome Thing. She said she was a flying saucer girl – with purple hair and one yellow eye. And she wanted a reliable pen pal.

Well, I'm about as qualified as they come. I never go out nights carousing with wild women. I go to sleep at an early hour, eat regularly and am, in general, completely reliable. And I'm at home all the time.



Honestly, I'm the most genuine PEN pal she'll ever find.

Allen J. Goldstone, #314523j
Leavenworth, Kans.

praise from a professor

I would like to congratulate you on printing what I consider one of the best articles of its type that I have ever seen – *Riot in Punishment House* by David Gelman (*July 1955*). As a sociological study of the four inmates of the Massachusetts State Prison and why they rebelled, it was superb. Gelman, I understand, is a reporter on the *New York Post*. Well, I'll wager he ends up with a Pulitzer prize some day.

Prof. Allison Burkel
Cambridge, Mass.

who'sh an alcoholic?

I read your story (*Are You A Potential Alcoholic?, July, 1955*) and then I took the test. According to your scoring system, I came out a potential alcoholic. So, I gave the test to most of my friends and they also turned out to be in the potential alcoholic classification.

Just because I have three drinks at lunch, am disappointed when liquor isn't served at parties, get drunk more than once a week, take a drink when faced with a big decision, keep a bottle in my desk drawer and take a bottle to ball games – you say I'm a potential alcoholic.

Fooey!

Luther K. Laminole
New York City

● Keep calm, Mr. Laminole. Why don't we talk about it over a drink sometime?

warning to GI's

I've been taken!

I read *Shake Rattle Roll* (*July 1955*) and found out about the odds on a blanket being different from odds on a hard floor. Boy, have I been took!

I just got discharged from the Army so I can't find those sharp sons of B-bags who took me there.

Soft-roll swindlers? Man, I've been soft-roll rolled!

Steve T. Poczaski
Detroit, Mich.

it's legal, anyway

Ugh!

I saw your picture story *In Tangier It's Legal* (*July 1955*) about legalized houses of prostitution in that city. What ugly women!

Legalized, hell. They'd have to pass a special law to *force* me to touch one of those wenches.

Cpl. James H. Arletty
Camp Ord, Calif.

Got something to say you'd like to see in print? Well, the editors invite you to use this page as a question box, suggestion box – even a soap box. Address mail to Letters Editor, CHALLENGE, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

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DRAWINGS BY CHARLES STRAUSS

DEATH UNDERWATER

Veteran skin-diver Barty Hendsel was exploring the bottom of a shallow Minnesota lake when an inexperienced spearfisherman approached him from behind.

In those sunlit waters, the mistake was unthinkable – but the spearfisherman made it. His weapon plowed into Hendsel's back.

The victim was lucky, though – he got out of the hospital after only six months. And he still had one lung.

Accidents like this are casting a blight over the undersea world of skin-diving. This summer, there are more tragedies than ever, as two million Americans go down to the sea in fins. Skin-divers new to the sport have plenty of marvelous equipment – not enough experienced teaching, printed instructions, or just plain horse sense.

On Long Island Sound this June, 18-year-old Fred Walker got up early to try out his shiny new fins, goggles and air tank. There were only a few people on the beach to see the first dive he ever made – the first and the last.

Walker's body drifted to shore the next day. His mouthpiece had come off the air hose deep underwater. The instruction book that came with the apparatus had not said how to handle this emergency, and Fred had never taken a skin-diving lesson.

In many high schools, summer camps, Y's and community centers, skin-diving courses are now part of the regular curriculum. But there still aren't enough courses to prepare the thousands of newcomers to the sport.

Here are five basic rules for beginning frogmen:

1) Choose your equipment with the advice of an experienced diver. Test all of it thoroughly before making any dives. Don't have implicit faith in even the most reliable brand names. Remember, your life may depend on your gear.

2) Never proceed without instruction from someone with plenty of experience. If at all possible, take lessons in an indoor pool, where visibility and protection are at a maximum.

3) Simulate all possible emergencies in a pool or near the surface. Practice dealing with them over and over, until your reaction to danger is swift and sure.

4) Even when you've gained experience, never skin-dive alone. Even Navy frogmen, undersea explorers and photographers use the "buddy system" – it's the only safe system.

5) Always respect the sea. Underwater is a fabulously exciting world – and it's also a potential killer.

Above all, take it easy! Swim leisurely, leave the water as soon as you're fatigued, don't overtax yourself in any way. Then you can get the most satisfaction out of a truly great sport – and live to dive another day.

WINCHESTER'S NEWEST

The biggest news for shooting fans this year is the Winchester Model 88, a lever-action rifle with many unusual features. The Model 88 combines the fast handling of any lever-action gun with power and high velocity, due to a unique, front-locking, three-lug, rotating bolt.

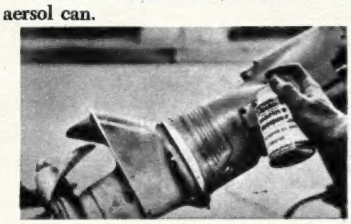
With the power and target accuracy of bolt-action, and the ease of lever-action, this rifle may fast become the most popular gun used by American hunters. It certainly is the most streamlined rifle now being made by this great company; the stock blends right into the receiver to provide complete bedding.

BOMB FOR BOATS

Just about everything comes in aersol bombs nowadays, so it's no shock that you can get marine lacquer in this form, too. In fact, it's about time!

Put out by Plasti-Kote in a wide range of colors, the self-spray lacquer is supposed to give a factory finish without costly spray equipment. Boat-owners who would rather stick to more conventional ways of painting their craft would still do well to keep an eye on these bombs – they come in handy for quick touch-up jobs. For waterproofing electrical systems, there's a clear acrylic spray.

Plasti-Kote retails at $1.69 for a 12-oz. aersol can.



ROPE TRICK

In mountaineering, a man's life hangs by a rope. And even if that rope is of the stoutest manila, it can never be strong enough.

Out in California, extensive tests have just been completed on all types of climbing gear. Three years of extensive tests have led to some findings which will help future mountaineers plan their expeditions more safely.

One of these findings is the peak load a belayer can withstand. A gauge placed in series with a loading device and the sitting belayer showed that few men can belay

loads beyond 300 pounds. See picture above.

The California Himalayan Club, which conducted the tests, plans to publish a complete report soon. It should tell climbers what they need to know most – the limitations of their gear, and the limitations of their own physical capabilities.

WATER WAYS

Fast water and a National Championship combine to make Devil's Lake, in Oregon, the focal point of power-boat interest on August 27-29. Population of nearby Delake, Ore., more than doubles for the 3-day meet as racers, crews, spectators and officials flock to power-boating's biggest regatta. . . . *The gamest fish in the world is the subject of the current book from the Barnes Sports Library: "Bluefishing," by Henry Lyman. As a guide to anglers, it's packed with information, and for just reading, the author has filled it with tips, tales and topics of interest to all fishermen. Published by A. S. Barnes, its price is $1.75.* . . . If your boat club has a 16mm projector available, get hold of "Boating Films," a newly-revised catalog of sound and silent shorts which are available free. The catalog is free, too – from the National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y.C.

IF IT SLIPS... IF IT CHAFES... IF IT GRIPES... THEN

THROW AWAY THAT TRUSS!

Why put up with days . . . months . . . YEARS of discomfort, worry, and fear—if we provide you with the support you want and need? Learn NOW about this perfected truss-invention for most forms of reducible rupture. Surely you keenly desire . . . you eagerly CRAVE to enjoy most of life's activities and pleasures once again. To work . . . to play . . . to live . . . to love . . . with the haunting fear of Rupture lessened in your thoughts! Literally *thousands* of Rupture sufferers *have* entered this *Kingdom of Paradise Regained* . . . have worn our Appliance without the slightest inconvenience. Perhaps we can do as much for you. Some wise man said, "Nothing is impossible in this world"—and it is true, for where other trusses have failed is where we have had our greatest success in many cases! Even doctors—thousands of them—have ordered for themselves and their patients. Unless your case is absolutely hopeless *do not despair*. The coupon below brings our Free Rupture Book in plain envelope. Send the coupon now.

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Think of it! Here's a surprising yet simple-acting invention that helps Nature support the weakened muscles gently but securely, day and night. Thousands of grateful letters express heartfelt thanks for relief from pain and worry,—results beyond the expectations of the writers. What is this invention—how does it work? Will it help me? Get the complete, fascinating facts on the Brooks Air-Cushion Appliance—send now for *free* Rupture Book.

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Rich or poor—ANYONE can afford to buy this remarkable, LOW-PRICED rupture invention! But look out for imitations and counterfeits. The Genuine Brooks Air-Cushion Truss is never sold in stores or by agents. Your Brooks is made up, after your order is received, to fit your particular case. You buy direct at the low "maker-to-user" price. The perfected Brooks is sanitary, lightweight, inconspicuous. Has no hard pads to gouge painfully into the flesh, no stiff, punishing springs, no metal girdle to rust or corrode. It is GUARANTEED to bring you heavenly comfort and security,—or it costs you NOTHING. The Air-Cushion works in its own unique way, softly, silently helping Nature support the weakened muscles. Learn what this marvelous invention may mean to you—send coupon quick!

C. E. BROOKS, Inventor

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"I ordered an Appliance some time back and it really does the job. I'm 38 years old, weight 200 lbs. Play 3rd base on our Soft Ball team. I really give the belt a real test. Thought I would have to give up my ball playing but not now with your rupture belt. Most people won't believe I have a rupture."—Wilbur Moritz, General Mdse., Jacob, Ill.

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"Words cannot express my feeling towards my Appliance. The minute I put it on, my first words were, 'It's Tops!' I hope another who suffers from such agony of a rupture could take my advice and get a Brooks Air Cushion Appliance."—Jack Sonnier, R1, Box 54A, Lafayette, La.

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challenging medical facts

By MICHAEL DEWELL

ATOMIC ACCUSATIONS

America's doctors are being denied the real facts about the effects of the super-bomb on humans. Because of the shocking policy of secrecy on the part of the Atomic Energy Commission, our medics are tragically unprepared for atomic warfare, according to former government physist Ralph E. Lapp.

In a dramatic outburst, Dr. Lapp hurled these and other angry charges against Washington. He accused the AEC specifically of concealing the truth about the fallout menace. Misleading reports like the recent one on fallout, he says, are worse than no reports at all.

Why does the AEC refuse to release the truth? "It is afraid of antagonizing Congress and the Pentagon," says Dr. Lapp. "It doesn't want to be charged with revealing secrets, although the facts on fallout are essential to civil defense."

Dr. Lapp charged that the dangers of radiation disease are far greater than officials admit. His scathing denouncement of their policy came at a time when Washington was most soothing in its reports on survival in atomic warfare.

Last Spring, the AEC's fallout report seemed to explode the huge mythology that had grown up around atomic warfare since Hiroshima. It pointed out that mankind has always lived in a sea of natural radioactivity, bombarded by rays from earthly radium and uranium, and by cosmic rays from outer space. Fallout, the report implied, is nothing to panic about.

When the report was released, headlines blared that survival after an H-attack would not be so difficult, after all. But now, Dr. Lapp's charges have reversed the situation.

Do the facts which have been released tell the whole story? If not, what should be done to get more information to the public?

Dr. Lapp says: "The AEC should adopt the positive attitude of informing the public, instead of the negative one of withholding the facts. It should hold regular press conferences. It should declassify all data that is necessary to the preparation of our civil defense. It should end the 'era of intimidation,' which makes individual scientists afraid to speak out for fear they will lose their security clearance.

"People should be told how soon it is safe to come out of shelters after an H-attack. In most areas it will not be within 36 hours, as some reports have implied. Even where radioactivity is not immediately lethal, it will cause cancer, cataracts and shortened life."

Dr. Lapp has gone out on a limb and predicted that the whole matter will soon blow sky-high. If and when it does, America may be shocked into preparing really adequate medical defenses against atomic warfare.

HYPNOSIS FOR BURNS

Severely burned patients are now being treated more successfully thanks to a startling method of anesthesia: hypnosis! A five-man team of workers at the University of Texas reports that mesmerized patients can even undergo skin-graft operations without further anesthetics.

Patients who would otherwise starve to death – because burns cause loss of appetite – instead eat voraciously after hypnotic suggestion. And they are able to move their limbs without feeling pain, thus preventing the crippling muscular contractures which often develop.

Hypnosis is far more successful with the victims of burns than with other patients. Because of the extreme pain they are in, burned patients cooperate more readily in any attempt to relieve it, are highly susceptible to hypnotic suggestion.

The workers who developed this technique are now planning to train others in the method. Soon it will be available across the country.

AUTO SAFETY BELTS

The doctors who patch up victims of auto accidents have urged car manufacturers to put safety belts in future automobiles.

Or, if that is not practical, some other device that will resist impacts of at least 20 times the force of gravity should be installed, according to a statement issued by the American College of Surgeons in their *Bulletin*.

Since a large percentage of injuries and deaths occur at speeds of 40 miles an hour or less, the national organization of 20,000 surgeons also suggested:

1) Doors that will not open at relatively slow speed impacts.

2) Seats and cushions that will not rip away in an accident.

3) Energy-absorbing interiors for autos.

The group pointed out that the percentage of auto occupant deaths rose about 25% from 1933 to 1953.

NUCLEAR-AGE MARRIAGES

If a nuclear war is ever fought, children and teen-agers among the survivors will do well to keep an accurate record of how far they were from ground zero at the time, and of how much radiation fallout struck them. Such a record might protect them from giving birth to radiation-damaged offspring later.

Genetic mutations from radiation may be recessive traits, Dr. John Bugher, director of the Atomic Energy Commission's division of biology and medicine, said recently. In that case, the damage would not show unless two persons carrying the recessive trait married. Then their children would show the effects of the radiation damage to their parents' genes.

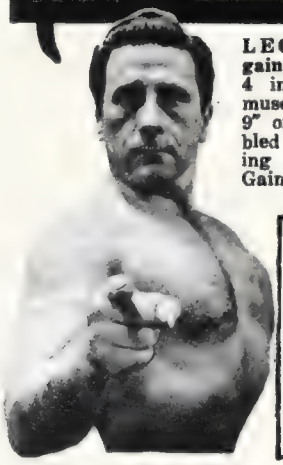
It might even be that to get a marriage license in the future, a couple might have to produce records showing that at least one of them could not have previously been exposed to a potentially gene-damaging amount of radiation!

MEDICAL MISCELLANEY

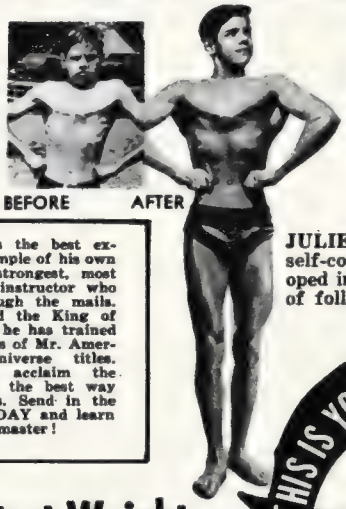
Hangovers are not caused by alcohol, according to research just completed by a group of Boston, Mass., doctors. It's the "congeners" – toxic agents in distilled spirits – that bring on the morning-after. Their report explains why 120-proof vodka is less likely to leave you with a hangover than whisky, which contains less alcohol, more congeners. . . . The blood-insurance system recently inaugurated in New York may soon go into operation coast-to-coast. It guarantees four free pints of blood a year to the subscriber and his family. Cost to subscriber: one pint of his blood. ▲

BE A HE-MAN!

GAIN 5-10-15-20 Pounds of Solid Muscle IN ONE SHORT MONTH *OR IT COSTS YOU NOTHING!*

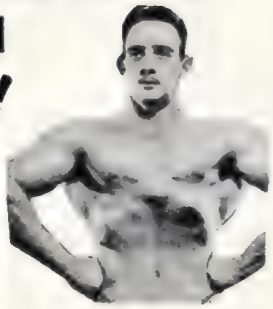


LEO THERRIEN gained 30 pounds, put 4 inches of he-man muscle on his arms, 9" on his chest, doubled his power following Weider Weight Gaining Methods.



BEFORE AFTER

BEFORE



AFTER

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JULIEN DAMES gained 60 pounds, overcame self-consciousness and nervousness and developed into a tough, strong young man as a result of following Weider Methods.

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The remarkable Weider Weight Gaining Tonic, is specially prepared, medically approved weight gaining formula containing the following potent ingredients—Malt, Organic Iron and Minerals, Vitamin B1, B2, plus—quickly digested calories—Almost as many calories in one spoonful as in an average breakfast. Builds rich blood, strong nerves, good digestion, and resistance against disease. Even most stubborn cases of underweight respond fast to this amazing Weight Gaining Tonic.

JOE WEIDER personally guarantees that if you take his miracle Weight Gaining Tonic and follow the simple weight gaining and muscle building course which he sends you FREE with each bottle, that in one month you will be heavier, stronger and healthier. Like magic your chest will deepen, shoulders broaden, arms thicken. You can change the whole course of your life, become an admired he-man; see real results in one month or it doesn't cost you a cent.

You Can't Go Wrong! Read What These Champions Say!

CLARENCE ROSS . . . Mr. America, Mr. U.S.A, "I gained 65 pounds of solid muscle and won fame and fortune. I urge YOU—follow the Weider System."

FLOYD PAGE . . . Professional Mr. America. "I gained 50 pounds and won the Mr. America title. Take my advice and follow the Weider Weight Gaining System. He'll make your muscles burst with power in one month."

ARMAND TANNY . . . Mr. 1950. "The Weider System turns weaklings into muscular he-men fast! If you want to WOW them with muscles, GO WEIDER!"

HERE'S MORE PROOF! NO OTHER INSTRUCTOR CAN SHOW testimonials like these

"I didn't believe it possible for me to gain so much weight so fast. I put on 12 pounds of muscle in one month." Signed M. K. LaSalle, Michigan. "I'm 43 years old and have been trying to gain weight for 20 years. In just one month I gained 11 pounds with the Weider Weight Gaining Tonic." Signed T. K. Burlington, N. J. "It's almost unbelievable that I gained so much weight in 4 short weeks. I packed on 18 pounds!" Signed R. M. Dartmouth, N.S. Canada. "I tried many methods for gaining weight and none succeeded. Then, I took Weider Weight Gaining Tonic and packed on 24 pounds in one month. I recommend it to everyone." Signed J. L. St. Louis, Mo. (Original letters, along with before and after photos of these and many more cases are open for public inspection in my files.)

GUARANTEE: I have put pounds of muscles on thousands of disheartened, skinny weaklings. I guarantee to do the same for you or your money will be cheerfully refunded! Signed: Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions.

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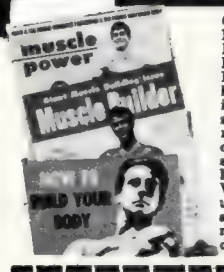

Order at once and receive ABSOLUTELY FREE copies of Muscle Builder, Muscle Power and How To Build Body Books. (A $1.70 value FREE!) In these books you will find hundreds of exercise pictures, thrilling poses of great giants of the strength world, and special exercise routines that you can follow to develop he-man muscles on your arms, shoulders, chest, back and legs. These books combined with the wonder Weider Weight Gaining Tonic make up the world's most potent muscle and weight building package. Your money refunded at once if you don't agree!

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Rush my giant bottle of Weider 'Muscle-Magic' Weight Gaining Tonic to me. I understand that the price of $3.98 pays for the tonic in full and that I get FREE the Keep Fit Course and 3 Muscle Books worth $1.70 as my special bonus for acting fast.

☐ I enclose $3.98 payment in full and save about 90 cents postage.

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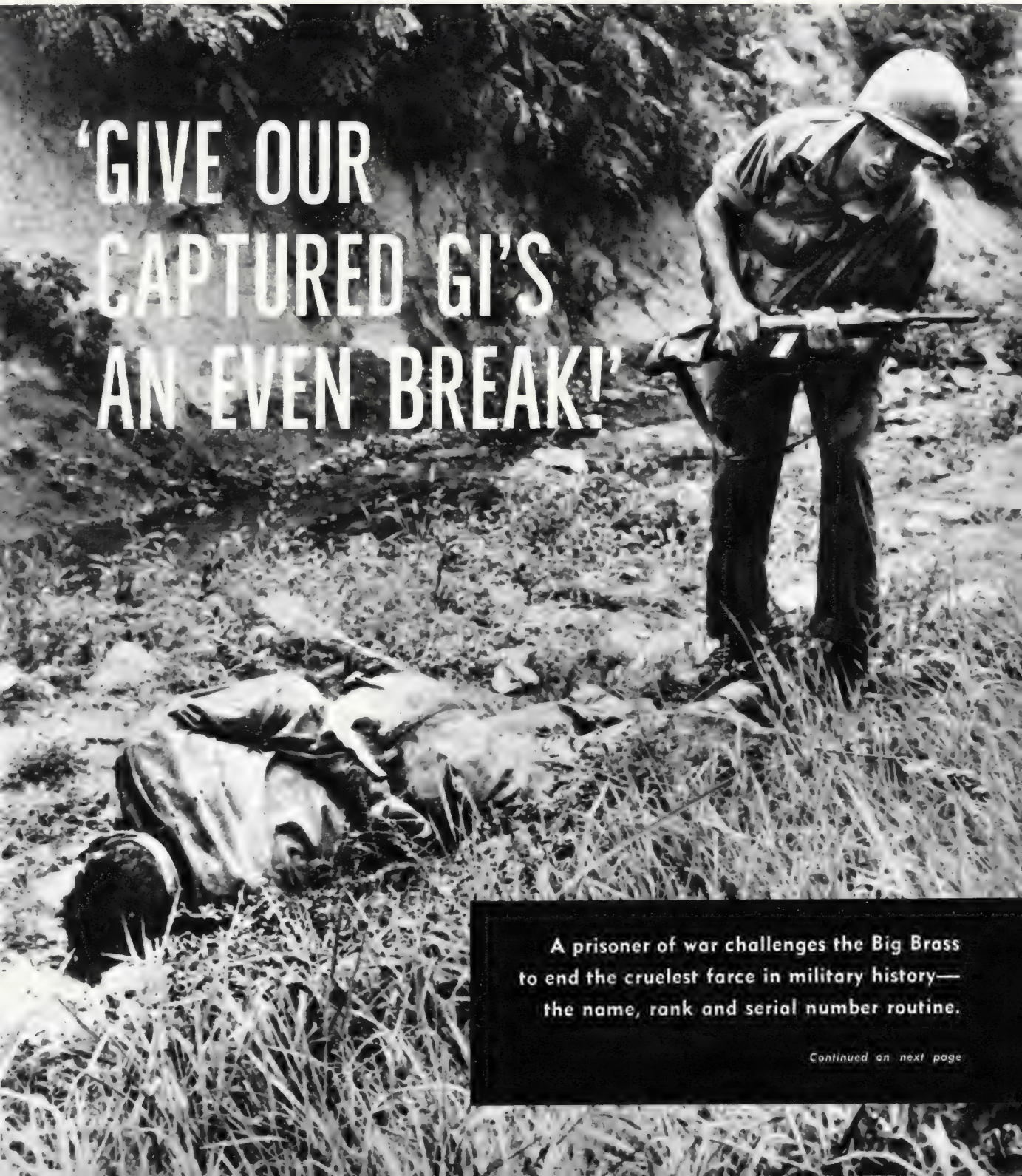
Challenge
Vol. 1, No. 4 September, 1955

'GIVE OUR CAPTURED GI'S AN EVEN BREAK!'



A prisoner of war challenges the Big Brass to end the cruelest farce in military history—the name, rank and serial number routine.

Continued on next page

U.S. Navy prepares men for enemy interrogation by simulating worst possible prison-camp conditions, above. Such realistic

By FRANK A. TINKER

On May 18, 1955 – almost ten years after the end of a war in which thousands of American POW's suffered terrible tortures – the United States Government finally assigned a committee to write a new code of conduct for captured military personnel.

While this group was still deliberating, a manuscript arrived in our office. We read it and were caught up in its fervor.

Written by a man who endured long years of hardship as a prisoner of war, it is a plea to the Big Brass – a challenge to throw aside politics and, for once, to think only of the lives of our captured GI's!

The editors of CHALLENGE For Men feel that, regardless of the decision of the new committee, we have a responsibility to our readers to present Frank A. Tinker's fervent plea.

IT'S A BARREN ROOM at an isolated headquarters somewhere in China. An arrogant but worried Red intelligence officer holds a notebook – one which he intends to fill, one way or another. The American captive is led in, half dead from wounds and beatings.

"Your name?"

He gives it.

"Your organization?"

"Sorry," the captured American says. "I'm allowed to give only my name, rank and serial number."

The interrogator looks up from the notebook and gestures briefly.

A rifle butt smacks into the kidneys of the American. When he falls, a boot lashes out brutally at the testicles, the face, the back. . . . After a minute he is unconscious from pain. A slap in the face and a glass of water bring him around slowly and he is stood at attention again.

"I asked you your organization, Lieutenant."

"And I tried to tell you," the Lieutenant, who is evidently well-instructed, mumbles wearily. "According to our regulations and international law, I can give only my name, rank. . . ."

The pencil is raised again and this time, when the officer is revived, he is scarcely coherent. He seems well beyond the reach of logic, or regulations, or help of any kind. In this case, though, there is one thing the captive does have – spirit. His speech is still fumbling, but he is thinking nevertheless, and planning, hoping, fighting.

"All right," he mutters through broken teeth. "I'll tell you. Don't hit me in the stomach again."

And he gives the questioner the designation of an outfit recently rotated through the forward-attack base which is now back home re-outfitting. The interrogator nods smugly, disdainfully, recognizes the number of the outfit from press dispatches or his own sources, and starts to fill his assigned pages.

The American answers the questions by rote, apparently,

training may help avoid repetition of POW atrocities, right.

but has never thought so hard and fast in all his life. He plots his answers to be inaccurate, but not absurdly so, and thus constructs a believable situation. The interrogator is pleased. His duty has been fulfilled.

At a signal from him, the captive is taken back to the miserable solitary confinement cell. After the parting kick, our Lieutenant feels his crushed mouth and thinks about home and is bitterly proud. He didn't give up. He is still in there. If the enemy ever relaxes, just during the next few days. . . .

But a half hour later they come around and drag him back to the questioning room. The interrogator is still there, and so is a navigator from another squadron of the same combat wing. The navigator is young, very young, and very much alone. He is not seriously hurt, yet, but he is terrified, which is worse.

"Is this the pilot you were speaking about?" the enemy asks.

"Yes, that's him!" the other American cries. "That's Lt. Blank, 46th Squadron, 3rd Bomb Wing, just like I told you. Blank, for Heaven's sake, tell him the truth. He thinks I'm lying. If you don't, they're going to kill me!"

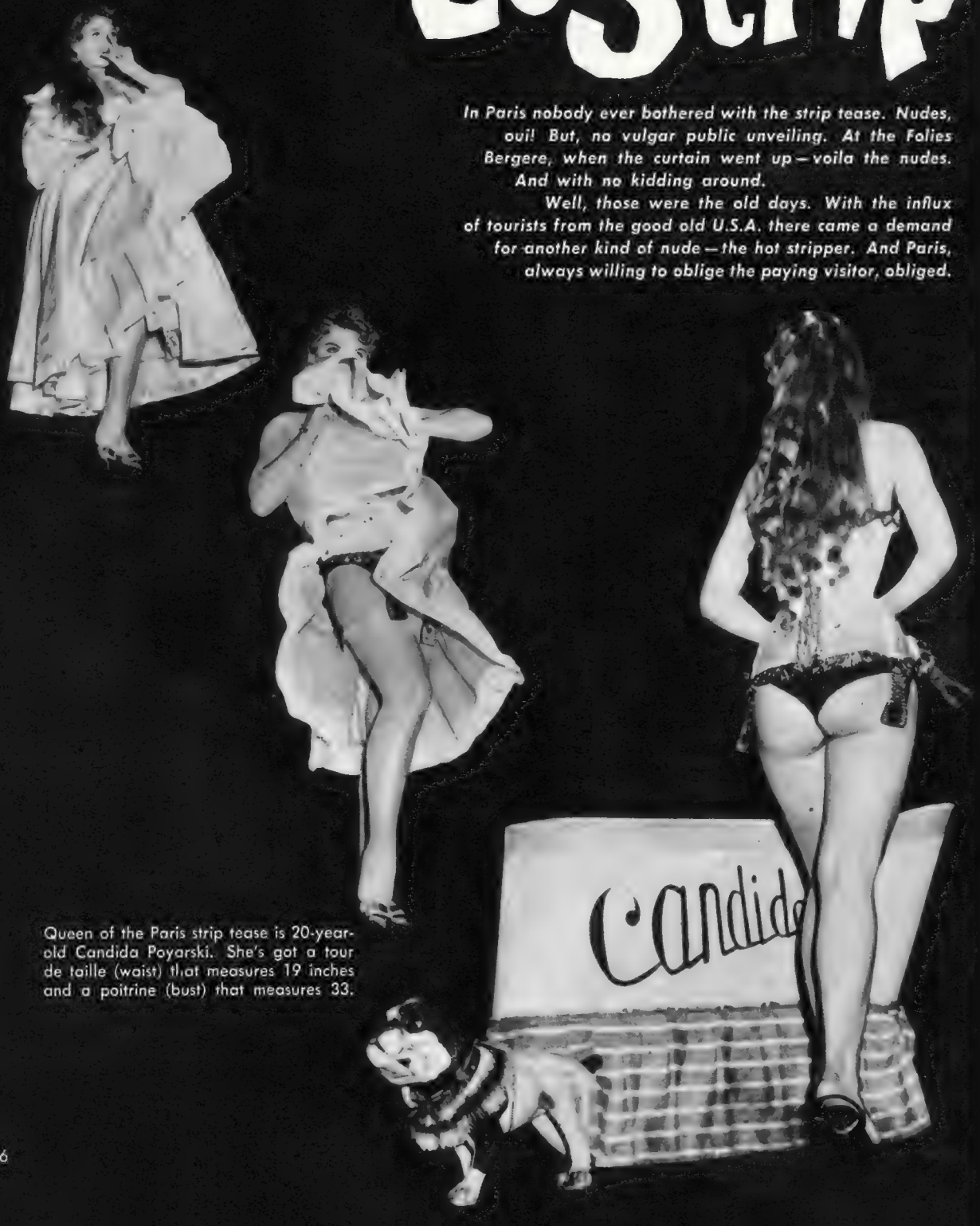
The Lieutenant looks at the boy – despair, anger and hope dying in him. *The system,* he's thinking, *the silly, crucifying system!*

Then the interrogator angrily rips up the testimony the Lieutenant had given, barks at the guards, and they drag away this man who tried to keep (*Continued on page* 56)

Paris Discovers Le Strip

In Paris nobody ever bothered with the strip tease. Nudes, oui! But, no vulgar public unveiling. At the Folies Bergere, when the curtain went up—voila the nudes. And with no kidding around.

Well, those were the old days. With the influx of tourists from the good old U.S.A. there came a demand for another kind of nude—the hot stripper. And Paris, always willing to oblige the paying visitor, obliged.



Queen of the Paris strip tease is 20-year-old Candida Poyarski. She's got a tour de taille (waist) that measures 19 inches and a poitrine (bust) that measures 33.

Continued on next page

Now you see some of the wildest strip teases in the world at Parisian night clubs. When Les Ambassadeurs cabaret chose a Strip-Tease Queen recently, our pictures revealed that the place looked like ladies' night at a Turkish bath. Without the towels. It was rough for the judges but finally they chose the winner—a shy maiden named Candida Poyarski.

Now, Queen Candida is assured of a fine future since Paris has discovered Le Strip Hot.

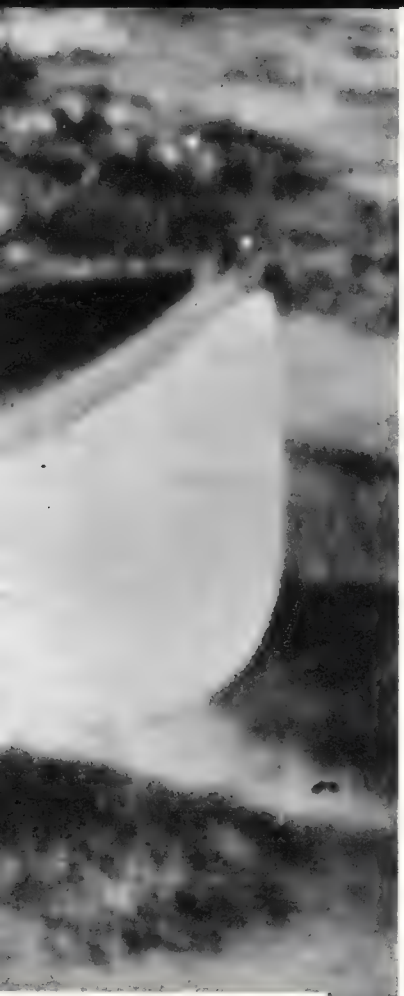
These are the losers. Entertainers from night clubs all over France bared their talents in the gala strip-tease competition.

LIFEBOAT

Heroic Mrs. Barker smiles happily in a recent photo.

TO HELL!

By GERALD POWELL
as told to BILL WHARTON



Ordeal is now a childhood memory for grown-up Esme.

Hopelessly adrift in the South Atlantic, I fought to save the woman and girl from two men frenzied by hunger, hatred and lust.

A FEW MONTHS AGO, in London, I was walking up the Strand when someone cried, "Mister Powell!"

It was a pretty girl, and for a moment I was puzzled. "My name's Powell," I said, "but . . ."

"Remember the *Pelican*? Mrs. Barker? And her daughter? The lifeboat?"

I nodded slowly, my skin beginning to creep with cold at the recollection. You don't forget 26 days adrift in the South Atlantic in a lifeboat – with a woman and two children and two brutal men frenzied by hunger.

Yes, I remembered all right . . .

JULY, 1942 – five months before the Allies invaded North Africa. I was Able-Bodied Seaman Gerald Powell serving on the S.S. *Pelican*, a ramshackle little 2,700-ton tub bought from the Portuguese in 1940. Her sea speed was six knots, seven with a following wind. Her maneuverability: nil. Her armament: two popguns. Yet we were carrying supplies to the Allied Forces in Dakar!

Sometimes we were lucky and went in a convoy. More often, we took our chances. Either way it cut no ice because we felt we were safer alone anyway. Our Captain, a dour Scot from Dundee, knew every inch of the Atlantic. On our 13 runs to Alexandria and Casablanca, we never as much as spotted a U-boat. We were deliberately keeping miles out of the ordinary sea lanes. If anything did go haywire, we'd have one hell of a row in the rickety old lifeboats.

We were in Dakar getting ready to sail home when the Englishwoman and two children came aboard to see Captain MacDonald. The woman wanted to get home to Britain.

At that time you couldn't get passage to England for love or money, but this woman battled hard. She had been in Durban, South Africa, and had been lucky enough to get a ship bound for Britain. The ship was torpedoed by the U-505, which is now a museum-piece in Chicago. She and her two kids had been saved and brought to Dakar.

I was swabbing the deck while she argued with Captain MacDonald about getting a trip home. She had plenty of cash and some diamonds she'd brought from South Africa. MacDonald did not mind taking her, he told her, but the British authorities would not allow it. The voyage would be extremely hazardous; besides, we had no accommodation for a woman and kids.

She shoved a piece of paper under his nose. It was an indemnity giving the ship complete immunity from any action resulting from any injuries or other incidentals she and the kids might suffer on the voyage home.

Old Mac was a fair old son of a gun. He decided to put it to the vote and called the seventeen of us who comprised his crew on deck. Next to him stood the woman and the kids, a girl of eight and a boy of about 12.

"Listen, you sons of seacows!" he shouted. "This lady wants to go home to England on our liner. It's up to you. Do we take her and the kids or don't we?"

(*Continued on page 76*)

what

By DR. VALENTINE W. ZETLIN

Dr. Valentine W. Zetlin received his medical degree from Oxford University. He is a member of the Society of Medical Psychoanalysts and the American Psychiatric Association, having served as resident phychiatrist in Rockland (N.Y.) State Hospital and Hillside (Queens, N.Y.) Hospital. Since 1951, he has been engaged in private practice.

to do on your Wedding Night

"Many men stumble through the crisis of the wedding night like bulls in heat, destroying the love their brides had for them," says this famous psychiatrist. Here's how to get your sex life off to a satisfying start.

"I UNDRESSED. Then I turned around and saw that Helen hadn't moved. She just sat there on the edge of the bed with her coat on. She kept looking up at me with her big eyes like she was begging me for mercy.

"I was all up in the air, too, doctor. I was excited and tightened up in my gut and a little dizzy. Well, I'd had lots of women before, but this was still my *first* wedding night. I could see Helen was scared – she had even more reason. Helen was a virgin, doctor.

"So I undressed her. And then she began to cry. I started, you know, to pet her to make her feel good. But she was shivering.

"I let her cry. I figured it was only natural since she was a virgin. But it got worse and then she said I was hurting her. But, I was all excited and – oh, what a mess!

"It's been four months since then, doctor, and she won't let me come near her. Not once. I love her and it's driving me crazy.

"What am I going to do?"

I am quoting from the unhappy case history of a man whom I shall call George H. whose blundering on his wedding night caused an emotional disturbance in his wife that may take years to heal. It is an almost classic example of what *not* to do on your wedding night!

This first night is the time when the newlywed husband and wife face a crucial test that can lead either to marital disaster or to a long, satisfying marriage. Psychiatrists have learned that the first sexual union can be so important that the success or failure of the whole marriage may be shaped by it.

In the case of George H. and his virgin bride, it would probably have been better to spend the first night in relaxed intimacies and sex play, learning about each other. Then after a good night's sleep – or perhaps even after a couple of nights – the marriage might have been consummated pleasurably.

Many men stumble through the crisis of the wedding night like bulls in heat, often destroying the love their brides had for them. But these pitfalls can be avoided if you understand the emotions – conscious and unconscious – which have driven the men and women into each other's arms for this crucial first union.

At least one of the partners probably will have had previous sexual experience. *(Continued on page 52)*

By BERTRAND FLORNOY

Few white men had seen the secret rites of the Jivaro and lived — but when our expedition penetrated the steaming jungle world, I managed to witness one of their most gruesome ceremonies.

I LIVED AMONG Headshrinkers

The mysterious and fearsome Jivaros, head-shrinking Indians of South America, practice their strange rites in the total isolation of the upper Amazon. Until Bertrand Flornoy and two other French explorers made a perilous quest into their territory, little was known of these savages.

Flornoy's report of the expedition, "Jivaro," has just been published by Library Publishers. It's a great adventure tale. But to make it even more fascinating, one section of the book — this chapter on headshrinking — has suddenly taken on new significance. The latest medical news is that drugs used by the Jivaros to shrink heads are being studied as possible cancer cures!

THE TRIBE HAD BEEN WRONGED. A man had been killed and his death called for vengeance. At one time all the warriors of the hut would have sallied forth to war; now, wisely, they go to the root of the matter. One man alone, the witch-doctor, is held guilty and struck down, while no blame attaches to the man who instigated the crime.

But death is not enough. The evil the witch-doctor has done must be forever sealed. His spirit must not be allowed to enter into another person and perpetuate the bad fortune. His head must be shrunk according to the traditional religious rites.

Skull has been removed, and the soft scalp is being treated with hot sand to remove all excess fat. Head will then be stuffed.

of the Amazon

At last, here was the chance we had been hoping for. This was why we had dared to penetrate the isolated upper Amazon basin in search of the Jivaro tribe. Few white men had ever before seen this rite. Few white men, at least, who had lived to carry tales back to the outside world.

In the hut, the members of the threatened *jivaria* prepared their defences as they had prepared them in the days of full-scale armed raids. They posted sentries at the doors of the stockade, prepared quantities of masticated manioc in case of siege, mended their weapons and made invocations before the bed of the man who had been slain.

But in the darkness of the forest outside, I watched the two Indians selected for the murder keep guard upon the enemy hut. They did not stand motionless in static ambush, but cunningly took advantage of trees and shrubs and the changing face of nature from dawn to dusk. When night began to fall they drew near the river that ran by the hut. Gun and spear in hand, they waited for their victim, as he waited for them.

Songs and shouts reached us clearly, reminded them that their enemy must inevitably be panic-stricken. This strengthened their self-confidence. They forgot their meagre rations and the *yamanche*, diluted with water,

that goes sourer every day; they even forgot the hateful persecution of mosquitoes and venomous ants. The killing would take place soon now.

One evening, when the witch-doctor was making for the riverside to lie with one of his wives, a wooden spear struck him in the throat. Without a cry he collapsed.

In silence the killers bent over him and began to sever the head from the body. A long knife, acquired by barter, speeded up the work. In a few moments the trophy, still warm and bleeding, hung over the murderers' shoulders as they ran swiftly homewards. They hurried, although no one pursued them. The spears, gleaming with blood, were abandoned in a dense thicket; henceforth they were accursed and none would dare touch them.

Travelling with the utmost speed on foot and, when the river became navigable, by canoe, we reached the place allotted for the ceremony of shrinking the head.

IT WAS A GOOD PLACE. A clearing had been made in the vegetation that crowded down to the bank. The prow of a canoe had been pulled up on to the muddy shore. The ground had been trampled into hardness and covered with ferns and broad leaves. A slender tree-trunk was laid beside three smouldering logs.

As soon as we landed, the killers were met by the headman of the community, with two men and two women bringing food. They had been expected for many days. When they appeared everyone gathered round them, but nobody touched them. Amid suppressed excitement the head was laid down on a leaf – the ceremony of shrinking was about to begin.

First the scalp was removed. With sharp pins of black *chonta* wood the killers carefully slit the skin below the ear and made an opening down to the base of the neck. This gave them a hold on the skin, enabling them to pull it upwards towards the top of the skull. It was as rapid and simple as skinning a rabbit. Nose, ears and eyes were the only obstacles, but the wooden pins served to cut the cartilages and gouge out the eyes from their sockets.

Two Jivaros together flayed the head and the bloody scalp was held up on a spear. The skull was thrown into the river.

The headman, guardian of tradition, immediately fetched water. Dipping his vessel into the stream, he said: "I take the water of the boa."

The boa is essentially a beneficient animal and this appeal to its powers reveals the religious significance of the head-shrinking. These Indians are not merely concerned with preserving a war-trophy which shall bear witness of their valour. They believe that by reducing the size of the head – the seat of the spirit – by mummifying it, by sealing its lips, they can imprison its supernatural power. Thus they put the final seal on their enemy's death.

The water began to boil. Seizing the head, the chief called on the two murderers to lay their right hands on his hand. Thrice he threw the scalp into the vessel and pulled it out again before finally leaving it in to boil.

"I dip the head in the boa's water," he chanted.

"He is boiling the head," answered the two assistants.

For 15 or 20 minutes the Indians, in silence, watched the water bubbling, then, at a sign from the old man, they took the vessel off the fire. With a stick they fished out the scalp, now softened and purified, and hung it up on the spear.

This completed the day's work. The participants sat on the ground to take their meal of small fish cooked in a wrapping of leaves, with manioc. Night fell suddenly. A tiny flame that defied that (*Continued on page* 66)

The Most Fabulous Dogs in the World

Meet the grey ghosts — the super-dogs who think they're human!

Join America's growing band of Weimaraner owners, and you may think so, too.

Continued on next page

Small fortune in pups is reigned over by Grafmar's Denise, who seems to know litter was worth over $5,000.

By LYMAN GAYLORD.

"THAT AIN'T NO DOG!" cried Anderson Lawler's maid, Lilly, "that's a haunt!" and she fled through the kitchen door.

Her suspicions were well founded. She had just watched Stormcloud – a silver-gray dog with eerie, almost human blue eyes – doing card tricks! She didn't know that card tricks can be simple for a dog. Simple, that is, if the dog happens to be a Weimaraner like Stormy. In case you don't know, Weimaraners are the most fabulous canines in the world.

In the short time they have been bred in this country, these big gray hounds have amazed breeders, trainers and owners alike with their near-human intelligence, courage and personality. Consistent prize-winners in dog shows and field trials, they have chalked up an impressive record with American dogophiles. Sportsmen have been awed by the uncanny abilities which make them ideal for hunting. A real man's dog, they are loyal and steadfast companions at home and in the field.

From a total of 31 Weimaraners in this country in 1943, there has been a meteoric rise in popularity of the breed. Right now American Kennel Club registrations number around 20,000. This makes the Weimaraner the twelfth most popular dog in America. Experts are already predicting that within a few years, this "grey ghost" may be top dog in the nation's favor.

Not exactly a lap dog, a full-grown Weimaraner (pronounced *Why-ma-rah-ner*) may weigh 90 pounds and stand as high as a kitchen table. Every inch of their powerful bodies from their keen noses to docked tails suggests driving power, stamina, alertness and fearlessness. Perhaps the Weimaraner's most singular characteristic is its ghostly coloration. Gray, short-haired coats and blue, gray or light amber eyes have earned them the nickname, "gray ghosts."

The big dogs will do just about anything you train them to do. Their superb breeding makes them so trainable that such stunts as card tricks are routine. Stormcloud, for instance, depended on his fine obedience training and supersensitive nose to do the trick which gave theatrical producer Anderson Lawler's maid such a fright.

The girl was asked to pick a card from the deck held by her employer. She gave the card she picked to the dog's owner, Mrs. Helms Crutchfield of Richmond, Va., who held it for just a few seconds. Then she returned it to Lily who spread the entire deck on the floor. The dog located the card by his owner's scent.

For a Weimaraner like Stormy – an international obedience champion – the trick was a cinch!

But it's the things the dogs do *without* any training that are indelibly imprinted on their owners' memories.

A lot of Weimaraner owners harbor the uneasy suspicion that maybe the dogs aren't just canine but are dog plus something human. There is nothing strange about this. The dogs were originally bred not only for hunting but as companions and guardians. Generations of careful breeding have resulted in an extraordinarily *human* ability for rapport and responsiveness.

Many of the dogs will exhibit startling personality characteristics.

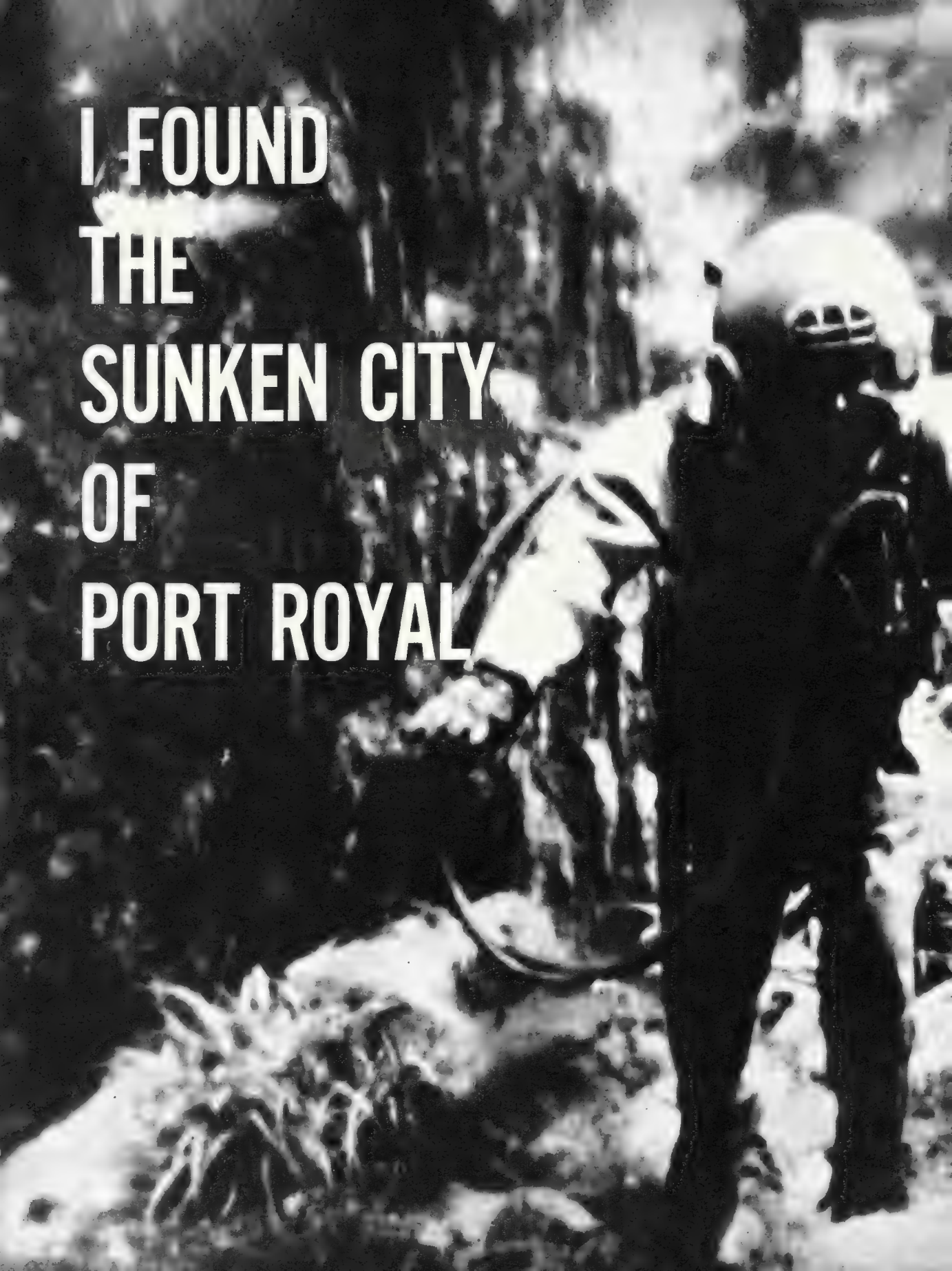
Grafmar's Ador, one of the best known of the breed, was such a dog. Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lampkin of Culver City, California, the dog's former owners, say that, "At night Ador puts all the dogs in the kennel and shuts the gates and then comes to the house – to sleep with us, of course."

A little bit of the human male's (*Continued on page* 63)

Safety-wise Y-mar is two-year-old Silver Boy. He never lets speed-boating master Ralph Tatum embark without a protective helmet.

Sophisticated poses like this help make Weimaraners seem almost frighteningly human.

Stamina, courage, alertness and driving power are suggested by every inch of this Weimaraner's muscular body. He's Grafmar's Kerutz, whose prize-winning performance in the Westminster shot the breed to national prominence.


I FOUND
THE
SUNKEN CITY
OF
PORT ROYAL

This famous underwater explorer searched the bottom of the Caribbean for a Spanish galleon — and found a fabulous pirate city instead!

By LIEUT. HARRY E. RIESEBERG

NOWHERE ELSE on earth are the sunken skeletons of lost ships so closely packed as among the waters of Jamaica. And this was the island to which I was sailing.

The sea around Jamaica is extravagantly beautiful with the cobalt in its depths blending into every shade of green as the water shoals over the white and pink reefs along the shore.

But there is savagery within this beauty, too.

And as my little salvage schooner sailed into these waters, riding over the placid blue, toward Kingston Harbor, I felt again the excitement which gathers whenever I look over the side and think, *there or there I will find it — a sunken treasure of long ago.*

I went below to look once more at the records of the sunken wreck I was seeking. The chart I carried was a crumbling age-worn *deterrotero* which had come down through the years from Spain. It was probably the only piece of parchment in existence to show the exact location of the sinking of the ancient galleon. According to my records, the ship, an unidentified Spanish galleon, had come from the westward bound for the homeland and was standing toward the Windward Passage. The craft was set to the north and by some current her navigator failed to consider, struck the spit on the seaward side of old Port Royal. On evidence, she foundered on the night of April 4, 1683, and sank in about eight fathoms of water, carrying down with her a considerable treasure in pieces-of-eight, golden sows, and pigs of silver.

My paper records alone would have made the search a dubious venture if these had not been corroborated by stray coins washed ashore from time to time in an area that checked with the charted location of the sinking.

The golden rim of Jamaica came into my view, with its cloud-capped peaks of the Blue Mountains. It was well into the afternoon when we stood into Kingston

New tractor-tank diving robot will be used in Lieut. Rieseberg's next expedition to explore the remains of Port Royal.

Underwater explorer Rieseberg points out probable location of sunken galleon during one of his treasure-hunting exploits.

Harbor and moored. I left my crew of five West Indians on board, lowered the little dinghy and pulled ashore, anxious to finish my business that night so that I could start salvage operations early in the morning.

By the time I had cleared through the Customs, it was already quite dark. This suited my purpose, for technically I was on a pleasure cruise, with no desire to shout my business from the housetops so that every waterfront loafer and hanger-on could dog my heels. The large dock office was deserted, but through a door in the watchman's shack shone an oblong ray of orange light and I made my way in its direction along the planks.

MY APPROACH brought the watchman into the doorway, an elderly Negro, tall, stooped and alert. He called out in that surprising British accent of the Jamaican: "What is it you wish, sar?"

I told him I needed a pair of reliable native hands to work aboard my salvage schooner for a few days.

"What work do you do, sar?" he inquired, skeptically.

"Oh, a bit of diving," I explained vaguely. "Underwater research work."

"And your ship, sar. Where is it moored now?"

I pointed into the darkness toward the south.

His voice became even more liquid, with the clipped accents like punctuation marks. "Your ship is moored on the west side of the bay? That is where you will dive, sar?"

"That's it. I'll be working on the southwest side of the bay." I hoped he was through with his questions and we could get down to the business at hand. "Now – how about locating me a couple of good native hands?"

The Negro shook his wooly head and eyed me, half apologetically, half suspiciously. "You do not know about the bell, sar?" he asked.

"Bell? What bell?"

"Sar, the bell of the cathedral – that St. Jago de la Vega cathedral. You do not know these waters, sar?" He lowered his voice to a mere whisper. "The bell sounds below the waves, sar, and it is rung by evil spirits."

I grunted impatiently. So that was the legend fired from the ashes of an ancient pirate stronghold?

I realized I must be standing almost on the very spot where pirates and buccaneers, more than two centuries and a half ago, had fought and swaggered. For Kingston is built upon all that was left of the infamous freebooter city, Port Royal.

I dropped my cigarette and ground a heel into it. "Look . . ." I began.

"For anybody to disturb these waters," persisted the old Negro, backing slowly into his lighted door, "for anybody to hear the bell below the surface waters . . . it is a warning of death." The whites of his eyes shone as he glanced from side to side. "A warning of death, sar, ever since it rang when old Port Royal sank into the sea."

"Let's just leave the bell out of it," I said. "Now, I'll pay good wages – excellent wages – for a couple of reliable hands . . ."

"If you go to the west bay to dive on the bottom – you go alone, sar."

And with that, he closed the door to the shack in my face.

I stood there a moment. Then I wheeled about. I would find no native help that night.

When I reached the salvage schooner, I looked my five native crewmen over with a critical eye. If nothing happened, they could handle a dive. Two men on the air pump, two on the diving lines (*Continued on page* 47)

On a desolate, rocky ledge under the face of the cliff, top, horrified searchers gaze down at the spot where Franz' body struck. Weary team descends with empty stretcher-sled, above. Picture at right shows what they found under the cliff.

TRAGIC SEARCH

Beneath a sheer cliff in Austria, rescuers find gruesome proof of the treachery of the Alps.

AUSTRIAN MOUNTAIN-RESCUE WORKERS are very hardened characters. They have to be. In the treacherous Alps, death is seldom pretty, and the search for a fallen climber often ends with the discovery of his pitifully mutilated body.

When Franz Mitteger fell from a sheer cliff high on the famous Untersberg, those who volunteered to search for him knew there was little hope that he had survived. But many of them had known young Franz all his life, had gone to school with him in Salzburg. Equipped with sled-stretchers and tows, the tight-lipped rescuers set out to find him.

Five hours later they discovered his body — and even these hardened men recoiled in horror at the battered, broken tangle of flesh.

It took the disheartened rescue workers ten hours to get back to Salzburg with their burden — a rubber bag whose gristly contents were all that remained of the object of their tragic search.

▲

Most detested champion in all boxing history was heavyweight Jack Johnson— the slugger whose conduct in and out of the ring won him the hatred of the sporting world.

They Hated the Champ!

By JAMES W. CAMERON

Wearing his characteristic grin and French beret, Johnson and wife sail for Europe.

Aging, overweight Jim Jeffries was mercilessly beaten by champ Johnson in 1910.

SYDNEY IS ALIVE with excitement. People are everywhere, milling about in the bright Christmas-day Australian sunshine, jostling and pushing, talking feverishly of the afternoon fare. Politicians, show people, celebrities and touts hobnob with one another. Sailors of the United States fleet, newly arrived in the city on a goodwill tour, roam the streets and crowd the grog shops. It's the holiday season and Sydney is impatiently awaiting the most important boxing match in the world!

In a corner of the city, hidden away in a shabby, obscure hotel room, a massive Negro lies sprawled naked on a bed. In the dingy gloom, his well-proportioned, rock-hard body looks as though it is chiseled from ebony. Suddenly, he rolls over and sits up, his legs lolling over the edge of the shabby mattress.

"Is it time, Sam?" his deep voice asks.

Sam Fitzpatrick looks up from where he sits in a corner of the room. Not a small person, he is dwarf-like beside the man on the bed. "Yeah," he answers. "It's almost time. You better get ready."

The dark form arises and crosses the room to the wash stand, tips the pitcher over the basin, then bends low to splash water over his face.

"Everything set?" he asks over his shoulder. "He ain't gonna duck out now, is he?"

"Don't worry, Jack. It's all fixed." The smaller man's eyes gleam a little in the half light. "McIntosh says the gate's going to be good."

"I don't give a goddam about the gate." The taller man straightens, wiping his face with a soiled towel. He stares ahead, his face hard. "He called me yellow and nobody calls Jack Johnson that! I aim to even things." He adds softly, "I'm gonna cut him up!"

Later, Johnson enters the big, wooden amphitheater built especially for the fight. He shuffles down the aisle, bending easily through the ropes. Dressed in an old suit and a slouch cap, he doesn't bother to flash the familiar gold-toothed grin or acknowledge the mixture of boos and cheers from the crowd. Instead, he moves straight to the ring and slowly strips to a pair of purple trunks. Then, he sits calmly in his corner as Fitzpatrick kneads his back and neck muscles. The crowd of 30,000 murmurs its approval of his splendid physique.

Tommy Burns, his opponent, looks small alongside Johnson – yet there's an impressive quality about the thick (*Continued on page* 58)

Famous photo shows "kayoed" Johnson shielding eyes from sun as he takes full count in 1915 bout with Willard.

With the vivid memory of white man's treachery burning in his mind,
Captain Jack of the Modocs led his braves into what proved to be . . .

THE LAST

By DAVID C. COOKE

WARPATH !

ONE OF THE COSTLIEST campaigns our country fought in the winning of the West was against a tribe of Indians who desired only to be left alone. These were the Modocs of California — a tribe of peaceful people who, in 1872, were forced into a bitter war against the white man. It proved to be their last warpath!

The Modocs had once been a great and powerful tribe. They had guarded their beautiful lands zealously against the settlers from the east, being constantly on the warpath until November, 1852, when Captain Benjamin Wright perpetrated an inhuman act against them which broke their spirit.

Unable to catch the Modocs in open warfare, Wright had sent a captured squaw to announce that the Indians were invited to a great feast, after which they would discuss peace plans. The offer sounded sincere, and the Modocs agreed to meet the captain in a council.

Forty-eight warriors showed up at the Army camp on the appointed day, and Wright greeted them with a smile and presents of beads and colored cloth. Then he made a sign for the feast to begin. He thought his troubles with the Modocs would be at an end, for he had poisoned the food with strychnine!

But one of the Indians had held up a hand in signal to the others. "No eat white man food," he said. "First talk words of peace. Food will not be good if words of peace are not good."

This was something Ben Wright had not expected. He was not prepared to talk and had nothing to say. He drew his revolver and opened fire, killing two of the Modocs. His men also poured a torrent of lead at the unsuspecting Indians, and within minutes 38 of them were dead. Only ten warriors escaped the massacre, and most of these were seriously wounded.

After this, the Modocs retired to the reservation and it wasn't until 1872 that more trouble began to brew. Conditions on the reservation had been made intolerable for them by the Klamaths who dominated the Indian life on the preserve. They were ancient enemies and eventually the Modoc tribe left the reservation in a state of near starvation to hunt for food.

Their chief was a brave named Krientpoos, nicknamed Captain Jack because he liked to wear a trooper's coat. Captain Jack swore that his tribe would never return until they were given land of their own.

On the night of November 28, 1872, Captain James Jackson, with 40 soldiers and 10 civilians, marched from Fort Klamath in southern Oregon with orders to return

All illustrations on these pages are authentic Modoc War photographs obtained from the National Archives.

CAPTAIN JACK

SCARFACE CHARLEY

HOOKER JIM

the Modocs to the reservation "peacefully if you can, forcibly if you must."

The soldiers soon came upon the peaceful Modoc camp and Captain Jackson demanded that they surrender and return to the reservation. But the Modocs still remembered Ben Wright's old act of treachery and Captain Jack, their chief, sent back word of their refusal to return.

One of the Indians at the camp was called Scarface Charley by the whites. He had hard black eyes and a jagged scar down the right side of his face which gave him a particularly sinister appearance. He hated the Americans for a more personal reason than any of the others – he had seen them lynch his father several years before.

Captain Jackson ordered Lieutenant F. A. Boutelle to take a squad and arrest Captain Jack. The troopers started forward and Scarface Charley, perhaps thinking that this was another lynching party, suddenly lifted his rifle and fired. The bullet went wild, but the soldiers had their guns ready and they fired back, also missing.

The Modoc War was on – and it was destined to be one of the bitterest of all campaigns against the Indians, fought under the most rugged conditions.

This first battle of the war was short and fierce. The Indians killed four whites and wounded eight others, but they did not press their advantage. Captain Jack ordered his warriors to fall back, and Captain Jackson could not go after them because of his wounded. He broke off battle and retreated to a ranch owned by a man named Crawley, and sent a messenger back to Fort Klamath with an urgent request for help.

Meanwhile, the Indian chief held a hurried conference with his warriors. He decided to take the main body of the tribe to the Tule Lake region in northern California, while his braves Hooker Jim and Curley-Headed Doctor went off in another direction with about ten men. This second group was to locate as many stray Modocs as possible and bring them to Tule Lake, for their own safety and to increase the Indians' fighting force.

Captain Jack made camp in the Modoc Caves at the northern end of the Lava Beds near Tule Lake. He knew that the caves were virtually impregnable, and that if he had to retreat there was no force of whites in the West strong enough to defeat him.

The Lava Beds form one of the most perfect natural fortifications on the entire American continent. They cover an area of about 50 square miles of the most rugged ground imaginable. The volcanic rock of which the area is composed is so sharp and jagged that it can cut through a cowhide boot as if it were cardboard. The rocks vary in size from razor-sharp pebbles to boulders as large as a house, piled on top of each other as if they had been thrown up again and again by violent explosions. The Beds are cut by countless chasms and crevices, some of them a hundred feet deep, and undermined with scores of tunnels large enough for a man to crawl through.

When Hooker Jim and Curley-Headed Doctor arrived at the caves they had about 35 braves with them, raising the Indians' fighting force to close to 50. Captain Jack was positive that this would be more than enough, boasting that he would be able to hold off 1,000 soldiers.

In the meantime, Lieutenant-Colonel Frank Wheaton took up the chase with 400 troops and followed the trail Hooker Jim and Curley-Headed Doctor had left. And it was an easy trail to follow, for the band had killed every white man it encountered – 17 in all – while leaving the women and children unharmed.

The Modocs retreated into the Lava Beds, and the colonel went after them with 300 soldiers and 20 Indian scouts.

The whites were confident that the Indians could never stand off such a force. But they were due for a surprise, for they had no more than started moving when a withering hail of rifle fire blasted at them. To complicate matters, there was no smooth ground over which they could charge and come to grips with the enemy; the volcanic rocks were formed in crazy ridges that had to be climbed a slow inch at a time, and deep hollows which slowed their advance to a crawl.

Every now and then they would see a flash or a puff of smoke from an Indian rifle, but when they reached the spot on bleeding hands and knees, the warrior had disappeared. When Colonel Wheaton finally ordered his buglar to sound retreat, the soldiers had lost 39 dead and wounded without having even seen an Indian!

The situation was so desperate that Wheaton sent a messenger back to the fort for 300 more men and four Howitzers. General Alvin Gillem (*Continued on page* 70)

THE TURNING POINT

Robert Ruark

Famous author and columnist Robert C. Ruark inspects Tanganyikan waterbuck bagged on African safari.

Somewhere in every success, there was a low point — a time when the future seemed futile. Often, this very point was followed by some rare stroke of luck. In this regular feature, CHALLENGE spotlights that moment in the careers of successful men when suddenly the tide changed — The Turning Point.

DAY IN AND DAY OUT, during the baseball season, ballplayers become outraged at what sportswriters say about their talents. Usually this anger dissolves as fast as it comes to a boil, with no more violence involved than a couple of dirty looks. But one such feud that ended on a different note — in a wild-swinging, free-for-all locker-room brawl — started junior sportswriter Robert Ruark on the way to the best-seller lists.

Twenty-three-year-old Ruark, starting to bald and with a strong Southern accent, arrived in Washington on a bright April morning in 1939 with $4.25 in his pocket. He had just come off a merchant ship in Norfolk, Va., sick of the sea and determined to get a job on dry land.

After living in flop houses for a few weeks, he landed a copy-boy job on the *Washington News* by claiming (falsely) extensive training in journalism at his alma mater, the University of North Carolina. Ruark was hired just as the editorial department of the *News* was being decimated by firing. He was there only a few months when the managing editor, after finding he had fired one too many sportswriters, told Ruark to try his hand at sports.

Young Ruark had never seen a major-league ball game in his life, but he manfully packed a portable typewriter and toted it off to Griffith Stadium. His reports on the doings of the Senators lacked the expert's touch, but the kid sportswriter inherently knew something that most older sportswriters never learn: the off-the-field doings of ballplayers are often far more newsworthy than what they do at the ball park. As a result, Ruark's occasional pieces on how a ballplayer had gotten into a nightclub scrap, or why another was dating a show girl, made for lively sports-page reading and kept Ruark hanging onto his job — but only by his fingernails.

One player Ruark watched with special interest was Bobo Newsom, a former Washington pitcher then with Detroit (he later played for a dozen teams before winding up his big league career in 1952). Newsom, though an excellent pitcher, was the playboy type, and his trips to Washington were highlighted by riotous tours of the local night spots.

During one of these excursions, Newsom got into an altercation in the lobby of the Shoreham Hotel. Bob Ruark was a witness and the next day's *News* carried the full story of Bobo's Battle of the Shoreham.

Waking up that morning, Bobo — feeling none too well as it was — read the story and took a sour view of newsman Ruark's enterprise. Arriving at the ball park, he told his Tiger teammates to advise Ruark to stay clear of him or "I'll punch him in the eye."

Up in the press box, watching pregame practice, Ruark heard of big Bobo's threat. No bantamweight himself, the well-muscled Ruark barged out of the press box and — a few minutes later — slammed into the Tiger locker room.

Newsom took one look at the advancing sportswriter and let fly a right; it caught Ruark on the chin and dumped him on the floor. A reporter with Ruark tried to grab Newsom and got hit from behind by a Tiger player.

In a moment, the whole locker room was in pandemonium. Ruark and Newsom were thrashing about on the floor while two other reporters fended off a score of Tiger players. Police came charging into the room but were blocked by other Tigers, reluctant to endanger (*Continued on page* 76)

GO SOUTH,
YOUNG MAN!

Your fortune may be waiting for you in Antarctica — but you've got to have enough of a pioneering spirit to go there and get it!

By O. O. BINDER

A CENTURY AGO, pioneering of the Golden West was spurred by Horace Greeley's famed phrase – "Go west, young man!" A paraphrased echo may soon send a daring new breed of pioneers in another direction – "Go *south*, young man!" In fact, to the bottom of the world.

There lies shivering Antarctica, alias the White Continent – the Great Deep Freeze – the Land of Eternal Ice.

Twice the size of Australia, totalling between five and six million square miles, this frozen south-polar wasteland is the last large area left unexplored on earth, with no more than 100 square miles of the fringing coasts free of the vast ice-cap.

Exploiting it will be the challenge of all challenges. But it will be a challenge well worth your while. It'll be difficult – explorers say that the conquest of Darkest Africa was a Sunday picnic compared to what *(Continued on page 48)*

Blood Money!

Tears are mere tools of the trade for NACCA lawyers—they specialize in squeezing huge sums of money from sympathetic juries in accident cases. That's why their group is called The College of Bleeding Hearts.

By HOWARD CRANDALL

IT WAS A BULKY OBJECT, wrapped in plain yellow paper. But it was the center of attraction.

As the jurors filed into court, they glanced suspiciously at this bundle lying at the back of the damage-suit lawyer's table. Then, the judge entered to open the trial and he, too, looked at the package nervously.

A woman sat calmly waiting in the plaintiff's chair. Only one leg showed below the hem of her dress.

The defense attorney argued that his client was not responsible for the woman's accident injuries. As he spoke, the woman's lawyer picked up his package and moved it to the front of his table.

"Science has now progressed," the defense attorney was saying, "to the point where an amputee can be fitted with an artificial limb as good as the amputated limb the Lord gave him. Amputees can now drive cars, play bridge, dance, swim, eat and do practically everything a person with a normal limb can do."

The jury was listening, but its attention was still on the lawyer's bundle. He moved it closer to the jury box now. Then he picked it up and turned it over and over.

Finally the defense attorney finished. The woman's lawyer rose and approached the jurors. He untied his bundle methodically. When the paper fell away, it revealed an artificial leg.

"This is what this young woman will wear the rest of her life," he said. "This artificial limb, this marvelous scientific invention."

The jurors stared. He shoved the leg at Juror No. 1. "Handle it," he said. "Feel the fine texture of the flesh, feel the warm blood coursing through the veins, move the noiseless joints, compare them with the parts of your own knees."

The jurors passed the leg back and forth. Each inspected it carefully, then stared at the one-legged woman in the plaintiff's chair.

Then they filed out of court to reach their verdict. In 30 minutes they returned. Damages: $100,000!

But that figure is not the jackpot. A New York woman won $350,000 for accident injuries just this year. And then there's the case of the man who loaned his jack to a neighbor. When the jack slipped and the neighbor's back was broken, the good-hearted lender was hit for $100,000. And a Chicago attorney recently brought home an award of $420,000!

Behind these spiraling dollar verdicts is a revolution in courtroom techniques on the part of lawyers trying personal injury lawsuits. In the old days, the attorney would come in, state his case, sit down and hope for the best. Very often now, his performance might well be reviewed by a drama critic.

Most of the credit for this dramatic trend must go to a swaddling, controversial, powerful combination of lawyers known as the National Association of Claimants' Compensation Attorneys — NACCA for short. NACCA is more than just another bar association. It is a tightly-knit, hard-driving alliance of lawyers that instructs its members (and any other lawyers who will listen) in the vivid art of jury

influencing. It publishes a law journal that devotes a bulky special section to analyses of awards of $50,000 and over. And it promotes roving lecture seminars at which noted lawyers and doctors pass along information on successful methods of leaving court with more money.

Organized in 1946, NACCA today is pushing 5,000 members. It has 33 branches and affiliates, and members in every state, Alaska and the District of Columbia. NACCA is involved in workmen's compensation, seamen's and airline injury cases, too. But it makes its most dramatic mark in the field of personal injuries – managing to win hundreds of thousands of dollars in blood-money awards every year.

NACCA has many friends, and as many or more enemies. Among its enemies are those who find themselves on the short end when a NACCA lawyer wins – which is often. Since an overwhelming number of people are insured these days, that means, in many instances, the insurance companies. NACCA's foes have coined colorful names for the organization, among them such provocative titles as the Traveling Blood Bank, the College of Bleeding Hearts and the National Association of Ambulance Chasers.

As its clients count their money, NACCA turns the other cheek to such churlish epithets. It is difficult to get a cross word of rebuttal from a NACCA member. Instead, he will stand on the definition of the organization as "a courageous lobby for the injured," fighting against "ceiling prices on human lives" and for verdicts that "approach adequacy." In the words of NACCA former president Melvin M. Belli, "If there is any apology to be made, it is the apology that we are 50 years too late."

Belli's reference is to the money we used to give maimed accident victims. In 1902, for instance, a man who had lost his right leg was awarded $4,000 by a jury. Too much, said the judge, and cut the amount in half! In 1911, an Arkansas man who had both legs amputated after an accident, was awarded $10,000 by a jury. The judge considered $10,000 too much money for two legs, and reduced it to $5,000!

Those days are dead. Today the trial lawyer for the injured plaintiff is loaded for bear. He no longer walks into the courtroom and tries to disarm (*Continued on page* 51)

The Death of GARGANTUA

"Gargantua was so lost!" says this circus doctor who tried vainly to save the ferocious gorilla from his deadliest enemy — himself.

By J. Y. HENDERSON as told to RICHARD TAPLINGER

Whenever the cry "Hey, Doc!" rings out over the circus grounds at Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey, it means J. Y. Henderson is wanted in a hurry. For the past 13 years, "Doc" Henderson has been chief vet for the greatest show on earth, caring for its collection of more than 700 horses, wildcats, bears, elephants, antelopes, buffalo — "everything you can think of and a lot you've never heard of."

In his colorful book, "Circus Doctor," published by Little, Brown and Co., Doc Henderson describes many of the rare, crazy, wonderful adventures he's had with the circus. From this book CHALLENGE now presents Doc Henderson's own account of the last days of his most ferocious patient, Gargantua the Great.

I MET GARGANTUA the day I joined the circus. He had already decided that he didn't like anybody in this world, and he didn't expect anybody to like him. He had adjusted himself to his environment as he saw it.

Gargantua was not always so unattractive. Built like a large barrel, he was strong and vicious, but the so-called sneer on his face — his well-publicized perpetual snarl — was actually caused by a scar. It was the result of acid thrown in his face when he was young.

Those who had been close to him for many years claimed, and with good reason, that his disposition, too, stemmed largely from this incident. We have seen it happen in children. It can happen in gorillas, too.

Dick Kroener, Gargantua's first trainer, told me the story.

Continued on next page

Gargantua's body lies sprawled on floor as Henry Ringling North and Jose Tomas kneel in the cage where he lived and died.

"Open wide!" says J. Y. Henderson. When a chimp gets the toothache, Doc is the big top's dentist as well as its medico.

DANGER KEEP AWAY
'GARGANTUA The GREAT'
FEROCIOUS GIANT GORILLA
The greatest wild animal attraction in all history, to be presented by
RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY
Season of 1938 Opening Early in April
AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN N.Y.

After a mauling by Gargantua, John Ringling North sports bandage, sling and cane as he talks with keeper Kroener.

Gargantua was being brought over to America when he was a baby. A sailor on the boat, having been reprimanded by the skipper for something and apparently not being an animal lover at heart, had a drink or two too many and threw a glass of acid in Gargantua's face. This evened him up with the skipper. It isn't known what effect this had on the latter's personality; but many of us have seen at first hand what effect it had on an otherwise beautiful gorilla.

Gargantua was one of the biggest and oldest gorillas in America. He weighed well over 550 pounds, a handsome specimen. His strength was incalculable, and he was the only patient I have ever had who was almost impossible to treat. When his final illness came in the spring of 1949, I was helpless.

In 1942 Gargantua became sick for the first time in my experience with him. Dick Kroener had been with him a long time and had accompanied him to the circus. Gargantua probably liked Kroener as well as he liked any human being, but "liked" is too strong a word: even Kroener couldn't go near him.

We diagnosed the illness as pneumonia. This is very serious in any monkey, but particularly in gorillas, because medically speaking they are the frailest of all monkeys in our climate. Penicillin was not yet available for general use; even if it had been, I don't know that I could have given penicillin to Gargantua.

I did manage to hide enough sulfa in his milk to do the work and, at the same time, we had his cage piped for oxygen. We always kept Gargantua in an air-conditioned, glass-enclosed cage. Its temperature was always an even seventy-eight degrees and the amount of fresh air was always carefully regulated. In this instance, the oxygen people built an intake into the air-conditioning system and very carefully regulated the flow of pure oxygen.

Kroener died in that year and the following year José Tomas took over the care of Gargantua. Tomas was one of the very few highly experienced gorilla men in this country.

In 1943 Gargantua became extremely sluggish and logy. He scarcely moved. His eyes were heavy and he was losing his appetite. It was Tomas's observation which gave us the clue to his ailment – acute constipation.

It was impossible, or at least suicidal, for anyone to go near Gargantua. He nearly killed Kroener once when he walked too close to the cage. The glass door was open at the time, and Gargantua had grabbed Kroener by both shoulders and dragged him to the bars. He certainly would have crushed him had not another keeper rushed up with a stick and begun hitting Gargantua on the nose. Infuriated, the gorilla loosened his grip to turn on the other keeper, and in that instant Kroener, barely conscious, managed to get loose.

Another time Gargantua grabbed John Ringling North by both sleeves of a leather jacket. If North hadn't been strong enough to tear himself out of that jacket and leave the sleeves dangling in Gargantua's hands, there would probably be another director of the Ringling Circus today.

Since I couldn't get anywhere near Gargantua to treat him, I couldn't take his temperature and I couldn't listen to his heart or lungs. However, during this attack of constipation, I worked out a trick. I withheld all food from him, even his fruit, which was the only thing he would eat. After 24 hours, Tomas and I "snaked" him into the small compartment in the far end of his cage.

Gorillas – even Gargantua – are terrified of snakes. We kept a stuffed one handy and whenever we dropped it into his cage, Gargantua would (*Continued on page* 69)

Sunken City

(*Continued from page 32*)

and hose, with the one remaining seaman to keep the ship's position.

Next morning we got underway to the position selected as a reference point for our search. I had transferred the shore bearings cited on the old map to a modern chart of the harbor; the bearings outlining an area in which we would have to search.

STARTING at the shallow and keeping our course by cross bearings of the shore, we worked slowly back and forth across the water, sounding the depth with a hand lead. Suddenly, we found an abrupt drop in the bottom, indicating the underwater ledge I was looking for: I plotted the position and made everything ready for my first descent.

As soon as I was satisfied that the air pump was working smoothly, and the crew boys knew what they were to do, I climbed into the rubberized diving dress, laced up the leg flaps and checked my shark knife. My head crew boy tied my weighted boots and buckled the belt of lead weights about my waist and between my legs which would hold me on the bottom against the buoyancy of the water. He helped me to the rail.

Then, he gave the helmet the eighth turn that fastened and locked it to the breast plate, closed my face piece and rapped the "all clear" signal on the metal helmet. Now the air pump was clicking evenly, spilling its flow into the dress, building up pressure to cushion my body from the crush of the sea's weight. I saw that my lines ran clear, took hold on the drop-line and lowered myself into the water.

I felt a circle of water climb up my legs and along my chest. The bubbling edge of the surface passed my face plate. The sun dimmed. Descending slowly, I adjusted my air flow until I had a comfortable balance, with the lift of the water just easing the burden of my weighted dress from my shoulders. Then, lightly, I touched the soft sand of the bottom.

Now I was completely alone, buried in the very bosom of limitless water. Down there time stops, and the great silence holds a constant motion — waving, flicking, pulsing movement. Slowly, my eyes focussed to the changed light . . . luminous blue and soft fawn colors.

I started my search. My lead-shod boots made a wavering, grotesque stride across a floor of ankle-deep sand marked with patches of brain coral and live sponges. Traveling the full scope of my lines found me nothing.

I returned to the weighted drop-line which hung from the salvage schooner above, and set off again in the opposite direction. Still no sign of the treasure hulk — not even a scrap of wreckage.

On both tracks, I had paralleled the ledge marked by the sounding lead that morning, the reef upon which the doomed galleon had probably foundered. With the thought that the wreck might have slipped off into deeper water, I took a new start and headed out from the ledge.

As I slowly paced the sloping bottom, I came upon a larger coral growth, and a subtle change in life on the sea floor. I found myself striding over a thick garden of waving fronds which shimmered like a green field of wheat.

Lurking at the base of a coral boulder crouched a monster clam. Nearby poised a scarlet spined sea-star. Before a dark opening, lay a mound of empty seashells, marking the front porch of an octopus den. Sluggishly, against the constant ripple, I moved forward and stopped dead. There, before me, just within the limit of my sight, rose a monster coral shape.

Was it the hulk of a crusted ship? No, it couldn't be that — it was too large.

I edged through sucking white sand. Then I stopped again. *This was no ship!*

I pushed myself forward. Now I could see clearly. The structures. The diagram. The shapes.

It was there before me! A city beneath the sea, fathoms below the surface of the sea!

Then, placing my feet carefully, I advanced toward its portals. Again I took a deep breath.

Port Royal! Sanctuary for thieves, mecca for "plump and succulent" prostitutes — the tainted port lay before me, preserved in a crust of live blue.

I edged toward the structures. Row after row of structures were still located with a rough semblance of plan. The most modest dwelling was now stately with columns and spires of encrusted coral encasing it.

I touched a wall which had been built by long-dead hands and crusted over by living azure. Arranging my airline along the bottom, I made a straight lead into the opening. I stopped over the coral fringe that edged the entrance.

Then I was in a sort of chamber, vaulted over by coral. A chamber that, more than two centuries and a half ago, heard violent blasphemies and maudlin songs, in which Killdevil had flowed — the punch potent with limes, Barbadoes sugar and red rum. Perhaps it was the very chamber in which Englishmen and Frenchmen of history fought their duels with hatpins at the end of a lady's scarf, as was a form of battle among the cutthroats in those days.

But this was no longer a chamber. For after that vengeful day in 1692 when the sea boiled over and claimed the land, coral had rebuilt it to curve each crude angle and now the chamber was sculptured with tunneled passages.

I moved across the eerie vault to the side where an opening made a black rectangle in the wall. I peered into a passageway, straining to see through the darkness. With a feeling of fear, I sensed movement in the deep shadows. I drew back, even before I glimpsed the menacing claw and reaching feeler of a giant spider crab!

I groped along my air line, retreating, my eyes upon the huge crab's lair. I knew that I was unequipped to deal with those nine-foot clamps.

I now began to feel the terrific pressure of the water weighing on me. I wondered just how long I'd been down. Then, sidling cautiously, my eyes still upon the dark hole with the crawling feeler, I stepped through the coral opening into the outer light.

Quickly, I jerked the signal line.

As I rose gently upward to the surface, away from danger, I knew that I had just looked upon something which no other living man has ever seen — the final resting place of old Port Royal.

I realized, too, its very position eliminated all possibility of my finding the treasure hulk I had come in search of. For the galleon-hulk I wanted had foundered, no doubt, on a spit well to seaward of the living city. It would be somewhere — far out from the area I searched.

But what was this compared to the thing I had come upon instead? For here, directly beneath my feet, was an unexplored realm that had once been the greatest pirate stronghold and the richest community in the New World!

While the earthquake and tidal wave must have demolished a vast number of buildings, I knew now that much of the area had gone down intact, slid off into the sea to be encased in a vault of imperishable coral. In all those years, no one had discovered this main location — nor, as yet, had anyone devised a means of raising its vast wealth to the surface.

A rubber diving dress, with its diver, could go only as far as I had gone. But the steeply descending floor would keep most of the city beyond the working depth of ordinary equipment. The coral would be unassailable by hand tools, and those giant spider crabs would relinquish their treasure only to the cunning.

As I reached the surface that day, I brought with me a dream. I was already busy with plans to return and recover some of that mighty wealth which the sea had claimed.

In my imagination, I invented and discarded a hundred machines that would make me master of the sunken city — I re-examined every half-forgotten gadget that might help. But I could devise nothing practical.

Many months were to pass before the nucleous of the exact machine I needed became clear to me. But now, the obstacles have been surmounted. Nearing completion is a modern underwater tractor-tank type crane that will carry the divers well beyond the limits of present-day diving dress and provide them with the tools to tear those steely encrustations apart. This crane will penetrate to 2,000 feet. It will be powered by electric motors to drive the amphibious tractor along the deeper depths of the seaway.

Surmounting the device is a water-tight turret from which the divers operate the main crane and a battery of hydraulically powered tools that encircle the dome. The interchangeable tips on the tool arms will give the operators a flexibility to do most anything, from drilling a three-inch hole in steel plate and tieing knots in steel cables, to recovering a single coin from the sandy sea bed.

And my carefully preserved chart shows the exact position at which I can descend to those treasure-houses again! As soon as we have finally tested this new device, I'm going down again.

I HAVE GONE on cruises to other waters since my visit to Port Royal — they have done little to allay my desire to return. But finally — late this coming year perhaps — my new expedition will sail into the Caribbean to keep a long-delayed rendezvous with the sunken city of Port Royal! ▲

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Go South!

(*Continued from page 41*)

taming Whitest Antarctica will be.

The evidence?

An average year-round temperature *below* freezing. In winter, 212 out of 270 days recorded from 40 to 80 below. Howling winds of 50 to 125 MPH that seldom cease. A massive ice-sheet from end to end for 3000-odd miles. Snowfalls that bury camps completely out of sight. Near-lifelessness compared to which the Arctic is a teeming jungle. And a surrounding ice-pack at sea which is iron-hard for nine months makes shores unapproachable by ship except in the short summer from November to March.

To date, less than 1000 hardy men have set foot on Antarctica, in over a century. Many never stepped off again. Others returned broken, crippled, even insane.

But Antarctica is not just a frigid domain of no real value. Far from it. It is loaded with all sorts of "frozen assets." Experts predict it can serve in at least three major ways — as a vast mining camp, a world ice-box, and an amazing health haven.

Take mining first. Antarctica is loaded with buried resources. One good authority — Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd — says, "We know that Antarctica is an unused reservoir of natural resources to be used when mankind will have expended his heritage in other minerals. . . ." Duncan Stewart Jr. of the New Zealand Antarctic Society has catalogued 167 different minerals, including ores of uranium, gold, iron, manganese, lead, copper, sulfur-pyrites, mica and many more. After finding seams of coal seven feet thick, Dr. Lawrence Gould, Byrd's geologist, estimated that Antarctic coal reserves may be second only to those of the U.S. F. A. Wade, of Byrd's staff, found oil-type rock strata, proving that black gold lies plentifully frozen under the ice. Semi-precious stones like beryl, tourmaline and garnet are common, plus hints of hidden beds of diamonds and other jewels. In short, a continent-sized bonzana.

THE $64 QUESTION NEXT. How can these great riches be wrested free of the ice-cap's jealous guard?

That could be your job in the near future. At present, nothing is planned officially. But the New Zealand Antarctic Society is on record with — "The final assault on Antarctica will not be long delayed."

Nations like New Zealand, Argentina, Australia, Britain and France have forged a ring of year-round camps on surrounding islands — Heard, Prince Edward, South Orkneys — plus permanent outposts on the mainland. More than a toehold, they are sizing up the place for the kill, as the next "frontier" promising virgin riches.

The assault on Antarctica will be unique. Any similarity to previous pioneering will be purely impossible. First of all, rugged individualists will find it difficult to try their luck on their own down there. Not where, as Byrd wrote — "Any man alone, without a team and thorough equipment, can survive only a *few hours.*" Only top-notch technological teamwork will put men at work there safely. Present outposts are staffed by young trained technicians — radiomen, engineers, geologists, mechanics, meteorologists, and seasoned camp experts. All jobs there pay handsomely, with fat bonuses to make the hardship and risk worthwhile.

Any major venture on Antarctica will probably be a many-nation pool of effort, perhaps under UN sponsorship, and spearheaded by the U.S. Byrd's scientists have already proposed using nuclear bombs to blast away the ice-cap. Thus, the first logical step will be for an *Atomic Demolition Crew* to march in, shattering the ice and freeing more bare land. But only along the coastal fringes. The melting of the main ice-sheet inland would raise the global ocean level from 60 to 200 feet, flooding the world! The total ice-cap is estimated at ten quadrillion — 10,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

But marginal bare ground around the 14,000 miles of coast will allow for a ring of camps, supply depots and air bases. A manpower pool will then be built up into the *tens* of thousands. Byrd's 1946-47 expedition totalled 13 ships and 4,000 men — just for scientific and exploratory work!

Next, an *Antarctic Airlift* is needed. Using aircraft there since 1929, Byrd states that planes are a must when you're dealing with an area 3,500 miles long and 2,500 miles wide. Also, with most major seaports halfway around the earth in the Northern Hemisphere, shipment by sea would take months per round trip. It will be far more feasible to use fast jet transport back and forth.

So, young jet pilots of that future saga will be told, "Fly south, young man."

But ships will still bring the bulkier cargos. Atom-powered icebreakers will be needed to smash through to shore, ice-locked for nine months each year. No doubt a *Berg Blaster Patrol* will keep harbors free of invading giant icebergs. Those icebergs of the Antipodes are the granddaddies of them all, some the size of small states like Rhode Island and Delaware!

After lifelines are established firmly, the assault on the hinterland will get the signal.

Air Mappers will next take wide-angle shots of territory still 90% unknown and unmapped today. Each time Byrd flew in a new direction, he discovered virgin areas, each bigger than Texas. Don't be a mapper unless you like the job. It will be comparable to furnishing detailed maps of all Europe, twice over!

And you'll forget the long hard job, as Antarctica's weird topography amazes your eye, with most land buried unseen beneath ice. In fact most place names—Ross Shelf, Rockefeller Plateau, Wilkes Land—are simply features of the ice-sheet, not the invisible ground.

This colossal ice mass is up to two miles thick in places. Roald Amundsen's "dash" to the South Pole in 1911 was really more a mountain climb. The pole is perched on The Hump, an ice plateau of altitude 10,750 feet. But exceptional spots aside, the average thickness of ice is estimated at a mere 1,800 feet. You map-makers will see extensive mountain-ranges, and some peaks rising in barren grandeur above any ice, like Mt. Lister, 15,385 feet. Some are active volcanoes, like Mt. Erebus. You

will also, inevitably, discover new ones.

You won't believe your eyes, and at times you *shouldn't.* There are incredible mirages almost daily, such as ghost mountains or multiple suns. The classic example was when Amundsen thought he saw an enormous new plateau which he named Carmen Land. Later flights by Byrd proved it non-existent. Amundsen had named and claimed a mirage!

But fortunately, the camera's eye can't be fooled and will map the authentic terrain. Equipped with maps, the *Prospecting Teams* will sally forth, seeking mineral wealth with entirely new prospecting techniques. From a low-flying plane, an electronic gadget called the Magnetometer can spot mineral beds below, even through a mile or more of ice. Used by Dr. James B. Balsey of the U.S. Geological Survey, on Byrd's last trip, the sensitive Magnetometer located deposits so immense that Balsey said Antarctia's mineral wealth is a "foregone conclusion." On his next expedition, scheduled for this November, Byrd has announced he will use improved Magnetometers to positively pinpoint big mineral treasures.

DON'T JOIN the *Antarctic Mining Engineers* without a carload of aspirin, for there's a ten-quadrillion-ton heap of ice thumbing its nose at you.

Blast away the ice at the site with good old atom bombs? No good. What would you do with the rubble? Or the melted water? Even if it all vaporized, down it would come as smothering snow of equal tonnage, for that cold bone-dry air freezes out all moisture immediately.

Drill mine shafts down into the ice pack? Don't try it! Byrd's glaciologists found that under gargantuan stresses all the time, glaciers creep, avalanches thunder, icequakes crack open yawning crevasses. The writhing ice-cap would sooner or later buckle and crush any mining shaft.

But we have the answer to that today, in the new "automation mining," used now for coal and other ores. Giant automatic ore-diggers do all the work, while the human operator sits safely outside the shaft, punching pushbuttons. Such mechanical moles, probably atom-powered, will lick the Antarctic ice, churning down to dig up buried ore. If the ice-pack shifts and grinds them into metal mincemeat — well, they'll be insured.

Ice-top settlements will also be required, as operations move across some 1,500 miles of the treacherous ice, up to the pole. Byrd already plans setting up experimental airstrips and manned stations on the ice, trying new techniques such as snow-packing with bulldozers, and spreading flexible steel-and-plastic matts, similar to what our air force did in Pacific jungles.

But other possibilities remain. Certain rare spots are strangely free of the ice-cap. Byrd landed his plane once on a smooth frozen lake in a "warm" valley — only *zero!* His geologists surmised that underground hot springs exist in such isolated oases. Byrd earmarked them for future airfields and camps.

He also found several permanent natural ice caves, where under-ice habitation would be snug, shut off from cold upper air. Temperature actually increases the deeper within the ice you go, reaching

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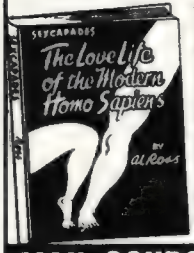

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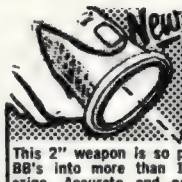

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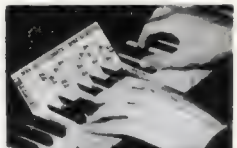

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I earned over 4 million dollars fighting, but I gained something more important than money. Boxing gave me confidence. I used to be afraid even to talk to people – but there's something about being able to use your hands that makes you believe you can handle yourself anywhere.

Do you know that many business men actually take boxing lessons because it helps them in their daily work? Yet, a lot of people overlook the benefits of boxing. In my time, I've seen lots of nice people pushed around. That's why it's always been my dream to teach people like you the things I learned the hard way. I finally got my chance when The National Sports Council invited me to become an Instructor in its *Manly Art of Self Defense* COURSE.

You've never seen anything like this! It's the only complete Home Boxing and Conditioning COURSE in the world. And what a Staff of Instructors! Great athletes like Whitey Lockman, Paul Giel, Ezzard Charles and Gus Lesnevich teach you the secrets that made them famous. For instance one of the ten exciting volumes is a two week Course on the use of the Uppercut by my friend, Kid Gavilan. But we coach you on more than just Boxing.

First, you must be sure that your wind is good . . . your reflexes sharp . . . and your body in good shape. That is why *The Manly Art* COURSE also has a Planned Conditioning Program. In this special Section, Lou Stillman and other great trainers show you the conditioning tricks it took them years to develop.

There's no pretty gymnasium exercises . . . but the real McCoy the pros use! You'll be ready for anything, I promise you. Before you know it, you'll eat better, but add MUSCLE, not fat. You'll move faster and with more power. When your reflexes improve, so will you and your friends will notice your new confidence!

The one thought I would like to leave with you is that size doesn't mean a thing . . . in anything you do! Did you ever notice that little fellows like Ben Hogan can hit a golf ball a "mile"? Do you remember Primo Carnera? I fought men half his size who hit twice as hard. Stan Musial hits a baseball harder than players who are 30 lbs. heavier. The secret is timing which is what *The Manly Art Course* gives you!

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JOE LOUIS—The National Sports Council
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only 8-below at 135 feet down, while it was 60 below outside. A cozy nook for some future human camp.

WILL ANTARCTICA be only a vast mining camp, nothing else?

There are two other sound possibilities. In behalf of the International Rescue Committee, Byrd himself has long proposed that the United Nations use Antarctica as a gigantic "World Icebox," because of its perpetual sub-zero cold. In 1947, Rear Admiral Cruzen of the USN (with Byrd) found one of Captain Robert Scott's abandoned camps. Cabin timber looked new, unrotted. Not a nail was rusted. Biscuits and tinned meats were still tasty, as if from a home freezer.

How long had the camp been there? *Thirty-five years!*

From a Little America camp buried under snow for seven years, 200 pounds of butter and a side of beef were served to the crew of the Mount Olympus. Their only comment was that the flavor seemed improved.

Because of this complete lack of deterioration in that cold, dry, sterile air, Byrd says the day must come when the world stores all excess food products there to battle any major famine on Earth. Half the world's food could be stored in that huge natural "deep freeze," without spoilage – indefinitely.

So, who's going to make the first move? Which forward-thinking group of investors will start the great enterprise?

ANTARCTICA may also made headlines as a "Health Haven!"

Don't laugh too soon. The Antarctic is so lifeless that not even germs or viruses exist there. Regardless of other hardships they suffered, all explorers were delighted to find themselves free of the sniffles or any infectious disease, as long as they stayed. Having no permanent hosts to prey on, sickness bugs simply go out of business down there.

No less an authority than J. Gordon Hayes, of the New Zealand Antarctic Society, predicts that "Antarctica may be the greatest sanitarium" of the future. Hospitals may spring up, and operations performed by doctors with the windows *open* –to let in the purest, most antiseptic air on earth, 100% germ-free! It's on record that no penguin has yet been found dead from contagious disease. Outside of accident or becoming prey, they can only die of *old age.*

Instead of Florida, will oldsters "retire" to Antarctic Spa, to enjoy another 10 or 20 years of life, safe from any germ with their number on it? Could be. And also it could be a lucrative source of money for enterprising young resort builders.

It has been suggested, too, that Antarctica would be ideal for atomic tests, with immense reaches utterly uninhabited, and with a vast perimeter of shipless seas around for thousands of miles, for fall-outs to drift over harmlessly.

Whaling and sealing processing plants may also move to Antarctica, for marine life abounds, ignoring cold water. Each year, some 17 whaling fleets take 15,500 Blue Whale units out of the sub-polar seas.

Scientists, of course, will swarm there, seeking knowledge. But if you're an *anthropologist,* don't waste your time going – you'll find no human or subhuman bones to study at all. Eskimos and Lapps thrive in the Arctic tundra and forage near the North Pole. But the native human census of Antarctica always has been zero.

Other life? Also scarce beyond belief. So don't you go south either, young biologist. Plant life – a few lichens, mosses, algae. Insects – a handful of tiny species. Birds – two kinds of penguins, and the skua gull. That's it. And what life there is, clings only along the coastal fringes. Inland, across the sterile ice-cap, nothing lives or breathes for 3,000 miles.

But paleontologists, studying non-human bones, will have work cut out for them. Amazingly, Byrd's scientists found fossil life of jungle richness everywhere. Coal samples up to the pole prove that Antarctica once had extensive forests. Was this polar land warm, ages ago? Is the theory true that Earth's axis shifted, prior to which a hot sun beat down on "tropical" Antarctica? The answer may lie there.

Meteorologists will be important too. Like the northern winds and sea currents, those of Antarctica influence world weather. Byrd has been commissioned by Washington to set up a manned year-round weather station at the South Pole, in preparation for the Geophysical Year 1957-58 when world weather data is to be compiled.

Any of you young weather experts who get to that South Pole outpost will record the "worst weather on earth" – as Scott wrote. With hurricane winds, fantastic snowfalls and world-shattering low temperatures, it will be as non-earthly as the first Moon or Mars expeditions. And don't be surprised if you South Pole vets qualify as "pre-trained" spacemen, inured to conditions that can't be as tough on some other planets!

Ridiculous? Astronomers say the temperature range, on Mars, is from 100 degrees below zero to 60 above. South Pole extremes are at least 125 below to only 40 above. You Antarctic vets will hardly be impressed by the rigors of Martian climate!

Now here's something for all men to chortle over – or deplore – as the case may be. Inhospitable Antarctica will undoubtedly remain, as it has been, a *man's world only.* At least, for some time. It's completely womanless to date; not one female has yet set foot on the Antarctic mainland!

JUST WHEN will you be able to make your trek to Antarctica?

When the need for its untouched resources is felt – and that may be any day. By early 1956, Byrd will establish a weather outpost right on the South Pole – to which Amundsen and Scott fought their way bitterly only a half-century before. For certain, the next half-century will put Antarctica on the industrial map as a bonanza area pouring out countless riches.

If you should miss this "last chance" pioneering, your sons won't. They'll probably have mailing addresses to Little America or Southpoleville.

So listen – a siren song for adventurous ears may sound tomorrow, next year, sometime soon. . . .

"Go south, young man – all the way!" ▲

Blood Money

(*Continued from page 43*)

the jury by announcing that he is interested only in digging out the pure, unvarnished truth and let the dollars fall where they may. He is a frank and earnest partisan now. And moreover, he is a technique-polished, studious partisan.

NACCA lawyers prepare their cases with care worthy of an income-tax return in the 90 percent bracket. They investigate the circumstances of an accident with the finesse of a crack detective. Every surviving fact, every chance statement or shred of evidence, is ferreted out. By the time the lawyer walks into court, he could write a biography of the defendant's life, to which he will shortly be bringing hard times.

Once the trial gets under way, the lawyer draws on a sorcerer's bag of devices to help him lay out his case. Some may be mild. Maybe a blackboard, on which he can write telling remarks over and over again. Others may be blown-up photographs, colored drawings, anatomical charts, artificial arms or lungs, scalpels or vividly lifelike models of bodies or of intestines, eyes, hearts or male and female reproductive organs. Human skeletons, wax dummies and even the skull of a dead man may be offered to the jurors' gaze.

With these devices, the attorney is able almost to grasp the jurors' minds in his hands and drive his points home in penetrating detail. In some cases he will then proceed to ask for damages for the injury itself, for embarrassment, ridicule and humiliation (in cases of disfigurement), shortened life expectancy, impotence, current and future earnings, current and future medical expenses and, in the case of a pregnant woman, money for the life of an unborn child.

WHEN the lawyer pleads for damages for suffering, for which point alone as much as $25,000 has been awarded, he does not simply say. "My client has gone through intense pain and suffering." This is how another NACCA former president, James A. Dooley of Chicago, put it to one jury, after drawing a line on a blackboard to represent his client's life expectancy:

"My doctors have testified that from the very beginning of this accident to the end of his life he is going to have pain. This line represents 30 years — there is no break in it. There will be pain from the beginning of this line to the end of this line. Sixty seconds in a minute, 60 minutes in an hour, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, 31 million seconds a year of conscious pain and suffering, times 30 years!"

Dooley told another jury: "Let's take Pat, my client, down to the waterfront. He sees Mike, an old friend. He goes up to him and says, 'Mike, I've got a job for you. It's a perfect job. You're not going to have to work any more for the rest of your life and the best part of this job is that once you agree to take it you'll never lose it. All you have to do is trade me your good back for my bad one and I'll give you $5 a day for the rest of your life. Do you know what $5 a day for the rest of your life is? Why, that's $60,000!

"'Of course I realize that you are not going to be able to do any walking, or any swimming, or driving an automobile, or be able to sit in a moving-picture show. You're going to have excruciating pain and suffering with this job, 31,000,000 seconds a year, and once you take it on, you'll never be able to relieve yourself of this. But you get $60,000!'"

IF YOU were on the jury hearing this case, would you feel $60,000 was too much to award the victim? Other juries haven't. They have given Melvin Belli awards of $115,000, $125,000, $200,000, $225,000 and $300,000.

Belli, who has been practicing law for over 20 years, is an excellent example of the NACCA lawyer who breathes and eats the passion of securing higher dollar awards than are even now being obtained. In addition, he spends considerable time stumping the country to impart his techniques to less artful lawyers. This is how he described the preparation of his cases to a group of Mississippi lawyers:

"I have my investigator marshal all the facts. But before he does it, I make my own investigation and I make it personally. If pictures are to be taken, I go out and set up the camera angles. If a witness is to be seen, I want to see him and determine his personality before he gets on the stand."

Belli slashes through red tape and gets the case into court as soon as he can. This puts the pressure on the defendant to agree to a settlement and avoid trial.

"If we have a case involving plastic surgery," Belli said, "we take colored pictures because only colored pictures will show the burns, keloid (scar) formations, and the results of the surgery. Only colored pictures will give the facts. Black and white will not. You can't tell on a black and white picture whether it is dirt, grease or a burn. In our plastic surgery cases, we take pictures at the various stages of the operation, from the time of the original injury up until the trial. They indicate to the defendant and the jury the number of operations, the amount of surgery, the pain and suffering, and they indicate the end result, too."

When Belli and his staff have gathered all their information into an impressive brochure, they are ready for action.

"We then go to the defendant or the insurance company or the claims man, and we set this brochure down on his desk and tell him, 'Look, here's our case, here are all the facts, here are our special damages — every one itemized. Here are our future damages, here are our doctor's reports. Here's our demand.'"

What does this war of nerves do to the defendant? Belli explains: "The defendant doesn't want to go out and take a beating in a case that he knows he's going to lose. He'll become your advocate in trying to sell your case to his principal, the insurance company."

But what if the defendant is balky? Take him straightaway into court, says Belli Do not delay. The good NACCA lawyer will be ready for him there. He'll be tacking up photographs all over the room to keep them before the jury. He'll be directing a pointer at a circulatory system chart. He'll be exhibiting infra-red pictures that show up the blood vessels beneath the skin. Or he'll be making quite

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a production of figuring up his total claim on a blackboard.

What about all this, you ask? Is it legal? Are lungs and hearts and skulls and everything but dripping red blood ethical?

Well, the answer may be found in the fact that NACCA's lawyers are rarely halted in their employment of what they call "demonstrative evidence." Most courts allow the use of any exhibit or illustrative material that will make a situation clear.

Some lawyers go further than others, of course. In Tennessee, one burst into tears as he presented his case. The defense appealed, charging him with outrageously inflaming the jurors' emotions. Surely here, you say, the lawyer got his lumps. Not so. The Tennessee Supreme Court ruled:

"Tears have always been considered legitimate arguments before a jury. It would appear to be one of the natural rights of counsel which no court or constitution could take away. Indeed, if counsel has them at his command, it may be seriously questioned whether it is not his professional duty to shed them whenever proper occasion arises."

Tears are also being seen in the eyes of the insurance company attorneys, as both NACCA and personal injury awards grow.

NOT SATISFIED with its progress, NACCA is pushing into more areas. It is trying to get lawyers to become more familiar with medical terminology so they will neither be dependent on technical terms nor be at the mercy of a defendant's doctor. The organization presents traveling "law-science" seminars, one of which was attended by 800 attorneys. Insurance lawyer Sedgwick has teed off on this development, too.

"More specialized legal information and additional medical knowledge in the hands of honest and conscientious attorneys can be of great value," he said. "They can aid in the proper presentation of meritorious cases, and are of benefit in realistically and sensibly evaluating cases for settlement purposes. However, such information in the hands of unscrupulous practitioners can be extremely dangerous. It can lead to exaggeration and misrepresentation with the consequent stifling of settlement negotiations, or it may result in a verdict excessive for the actual injury sustained."

When NACCA men hear the word "excessive," they reach for their darts. "No NACCA lawyer wants a jury to return a verdict for more than the provable damages," says Melvin Belli, who feels that many awards are still inadequate. "Despite the claims of the insurance company propagandists," he says, "there are many of these. This is an age when old violins sometimes bring $200,000 and a racehorse is sold for $1,200,000. Yet verdicts are sometimes found excessive because $100,000 or $50,000 are figures that are offensive to the judge's conscience. But if a large figure is shocking, why is a manifestly low figure not equally shocking?"

An impressive number of people agree with Belli's views. Among them are such notable attorneys as Roscoe Pound, Dean Emeritus of Harvard Law School, who is now editor of the NACCA Law Journal. "Keeping down insurance rates at the expense of justice is not in keeping with humanitarian ideals of today," Pound says.

Where *you* stand probably depends on which side of the courtroom you're sitting in. If you're a defendant and, let's say, an uninsured one, a NACCA lawyer's words and spirited actions could undoubtedly make you froth, bubble and moan. If, on the other hand, you happen to have been injured yourself and you are trying to collect, you're more likely to regard him as a magnificent combination of Daniel Webster and Clarence Darrow.

With both NACCA and you in a courtroom picture, one thing is certain: you won't be neutral!

▲

Wedding Night

(*Continued from page 23*)

Kinsey's research on the American male showed that 67% of the men who went to college had had pre-marital intercourse; 84% among those who went to high school; and 95% among those men who only went to grade school.

Interviews with women indicated that around 50% of the subjects had had pre-marital relations.

Thus, the sex experience of the newly married couple will vary and the wedding night situation will also vary accordingly. But, no matter what the previous sex experience of the couple may have been, the first act after marriage remains a delicate, complex maneuver. And there are certain overall patterns with which every groom should be familar.

Why is the wedding night so important? Well, man is not a simple animal. Our sex cannot be purely physical. In our culture, we have raised it to a high spiritual relationship, tied up with manners, mores and – above all – an ideal we call love. Most of our everyday conscious and unconscious feelings are related to sex.

It is no wonder, then, that what may seem to be trivial differences at the beginning of a marriage can grow into fears, worries and eventually, morbid dread. Things which a man might consider unimportant – excessive perspiration, a light over the bed – can shock and disgust a bride. As her fear increases, she may begin to feel distant and her normal sex impulses can become strangled.

But, let's try to understand the husband and wife on the wedding night by delving into their early sex associations.

Sexual fears are usually caused by misunderstanding of the way our sex organs and drives function. And this is often the result of unfortunate habits and patterns of thinking which men and women have learned from the society in which they live.

The degree of sex ignorance among many newlyweds is appalling. There is a case of a young couple in a medium-sized city who had been married for two years without even an attempt at sexual consummation. The man had been raised by two maiden aunts and the girl by a widowed minister's daughter. These poor young people had never been told it was customary for married couples to sleep together!

Although some schools now offer courses which explain sex, the average young man

still acquires his knowledge from bull sessions with his friends, from prostitutes, from books, even from pornographic pictures. So, he swaggers into the first night, full of confidence — and misconceptions.

Girls, from the time they are disturbed enough to ask their mothers about sex, are usually told that it is shameful or bad. They often grow up to associate sex with pain or unpleasantness. If they are caught kissing a boy, they may be punished or spanked. (Boys, if they are punished at all, usually get off lightly.) Women experience the pain and embarrassment of menstruation. They receive grim warnings of what will happen to them if they become pregnant. And, finally, they endure the genuine anguish of childbirth. Is it any wonder that many women come to associate sex with fear and pain?

Take the case of Sally G., age 18. As a child she had been severely spanked for masturbating. She grew to feel that everything associated with sex was to be done in the dark, and quickly. On her wedding night, she kept the same emotional pattern. When her new husband wanted to make love to her, she turned out the light, jumped into bed and tried to get the business over with in a hurry. As this attitude continued, neither she nor her husband derived any enjoyment from coitus. Her husband was disturbed because she did not have an orgasm, so she began to fake it. By now she was in a state of deep fear. After her husband discovered her pretense, their marriage began to deteriorate even more. Finally, Sally sought psychiatric advice and was helped.

Men are conditioned differently by our society. They think of pre-marital sex mainly as something to be enjoyed, to be grasped and — frequently — tossed away. It is seldom a joy based on a lasting relationship which entails responsibility and sharing.

Society has also given men the idea that the number of times they achieve coitus determines their standing on the virility scale. Popular interest in the Kinsey report seems to have been concerned with the number of sexual engagements — as though sex satisfaction in marriage can be measured in terms of a box score or batting average. This is a false standard, yet many men guide their lives by it.

THE FRENZIED TEMPO of the world in which we live also conditions our sex responses. Sometimes anxiety over money, success, sickness can affect the man so that he may feel practically impotent.

In addition to social conditioning, there are some biological differences in the sex desires of men and women. Many newlywed men have no consideration for this fact: men and women differ in the *time* of their sex desires and the *speed* with which they are reached. Studies have proved that women have their greatest sexual response just before and after their menstrual period; men are more easily aroused and more quickly satisfied; a woman's reactions are more diffused and take longer to stimulate — she is slower to achieve an orgasm and needs more time to find release from her sexual excitement.

These are some of the most important elements of the complex pattern of emotions and ways of thinking that the hus-

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band and wife bring into the bridal chamber; these are the conscious and unconscious forces that cause sexual unhappiness.

In some primitive societies, these strains of the first night are alleviated by rather drastic steps. Certain tribes consider it unlucky for the bridegroom to deflower his bride. This duty is given to another man, who presumably will not be harmed by any evil that might result.

But in our society we tell the husband and wife: you are both grown up—now jump into the water and learn for yourselves. And so their ignorance and unfortunate social conditioning can help set up patterns for maladjustment in that first union that may continue throughout marriage.

LET US CONSIDER what can be done to alleviate these handicaps and tensions in the period leading up to that crucial first union.

It is advisable to go through a premarital examination, given by your own doctor or gynecologist. He can advise you on contraception; if you have had some previous venereal disease, he will make certain that it is completely cured. But, most important, the talk with the doctor will answer all questions about sex and probably remove a lot of misconceptions that you have, no matter how experienced you think you are.

Then there is the wedding—and presumably after it, you jump into your car for the honeymoon. At this point, I can only hope that your friends don't rattle your nerves even further with a horn-honking parade through town. That can unsettle even thrice-married people.

The primary purpose of a honeymoon is to allow the married persons to get to know each other, to develop confidence and understanding. It is a tremendous emotional and physical strain. So, make it easy for yourself. Don't waste it with long trips to visit relatives who didn't come to the wedding. Don't spend nights on a train. Find a quiet place, preferably in the mountains or near the sea, where you can really get away from it all and relax with each other.

The first fact you must face on your wedding night is this—it will never be as full of joy as you or your wife had imagined. From novels and from movies, the virgin bride builds up a picture of an ecstatic moment of bliss. Husbands and wives, who may have experienced sex before and felt some disappointment, tell themselves, "Well, this time it'll be different." *It won't be.*

Lewis Terman made a study of over 400 married couples. His research revealed these astonishing facts:

Less than 25% of the wives had orgasm at first intercourse.

Less than 25% achieved it in a few days or a week after marriage.

Another 25% achieved complete climax sometime within the first year.

The rest said they finally had an orgasm *after one or more years of marriage or, in some cases, never.*

M. J. Exner, after questioning 925 married women, discovered that half of them felt their first sexual experience had been unpleasant. And Dr. Stanley Brav found that 48% of the women he interviewed did not achieve full sexual harmony on their honeymoon.

Several women, at different intellectual and social levels, have come to me after the honeymoon and asked: "Is that all there is to it?"

If the occasion does not quite come up to expectation, do not feel too disappointed or cheated. Remember this happens in about 75% of marriages during the first few weeks. So, you see, you will probably be quite normal.

Remember that the marriage license does not give you legal ownership of your wife's body. Respect her privacy and her wants. As you prepare for bed, she may be nervously asking herself many questions.

Will he keep the lights on? Does he expect me to undress in front of him? Should I be passive? Or should I encourage him? If I do, will he think I've had *too much* experience?

These things may be important to your bride, although they seem trivial to you.

There are other physical aspects which you should remember too. Do not take it for granted that, after your bride has been aroused, she is ready for coitus—even though she may think she is. Your bride may find that the muscles of her organ, ruled by unconscious mechanisms trained for years to resist men, are not within her control at all. Even the woman with experience, determined to please her husband, troubled by worries that he may be slightly comparing her to other women he's known, can also grow tense. Again, it takes time and understanding to solve these problems.

If your bride has said she is a virgin, do not jump to the conclusion that she has lied if there is no evidence to prove this fact. Women often lose their maidenhead at sports or by accident. In any event, this is no time to ask questions or look for any proof. And if your wife has had previous sexual adventures, forget about them. Reviving memories of them may make her even more nervous and insecure.

As a matter of fact, you ought to forget your own previous experience, too, and start all over—learning together with your bride. Whatever emotions you may have felt during your previous sex sessions, you will feel different toward your wife because mariage creates a different psychological situation.

HOW TO ENGAGE in the sex act? I cannot advise you how to make love to your bride on that important wedding night. Philosophers and poets have been pondering these questions for centuries. I can only tell you what science has learned of the sexual situation.

In general, it has three phases, all of which are important.

First comes the period of *sexual play,* in which both partners are aroused to a high pitch of emotional and physical desire. Possibly your wife may offer suggestions for increasing your mutual enjoyment; frankness and unashamed cooperation are the best ways to reach sexual harmony. Some men neglect this necessary first step because of their eagerness to plunge into intercourse. Hastiness may prevent the woman from achieving satisfaction and cause resentment against the husband. Your bride may come to feel that she is being *used* merely for your gratification.

Second is the actual *coitus*. Unless you are very lucky, you will not achieve orgasm at the same time as your wife from the start. It is known that the average couple have coitus for only two or three minutes, but some wives require ten to 15 minutes, or even more. To reach an orgasm at the same time is a highly desirable climax of the sex act. But do not feel that your marriage is ruined if you do not achieve that moment on your first try — or even first week. Even if you have to work at it for months or years, you must realize that marriage is for life — so it is worth taking your time.

Finally, you reach the *postlude*, or period of relaxation. Most men do not realize the importance of this time. Your wife wants to be held closely, to feel that you and she are one. This can become several minutes of communion, of peace and relaxation in harmonious understanding.

LEWIS TERMAN, in his study, found these were the most common complaints made by husbands:

1. Wife shows little enthusiasm for sex.
2. She can't reach orgasm regularly, or is slow.
3. She doesn't want intercourse often enough.
4. She has little regard for her husband's satisfaction.
5. She doesn't show enough tenderness or consideration.

On the other hand, wives complained that:

1. Husband's orgasm comes too quickly.
2. He wants too much sex.
3. He goes to sleep, or gets up from bed, too soon afterward.
4. He shows no enthusiasm.
5. He displays little affection or love-making before sex.

The husbands' complaints, you will notice, seem to be basically the same as those of the wives. And underlying them all is the same basic difficulty — a lack of sharing, of understanding of each other's needs and desires.

SEX IS A MOST important part of the marriage relationship. But it can be successful only when it is shared, when it is part of mutual understanding and need and love. And this sharing should begin on the wedding night. That is my most urgent advice to you.

If the first union between bride and groom is successful, the chances are good that, with proper understanding and nurturing, the pattern can be extended to the entire marriage. What begins as a successful wedding-night consummation can ripen into a beautiful and enduring union. ▲

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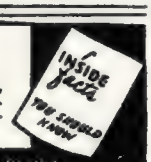

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Captured GI's

(*Continued from page 15*)

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As a direct result, how frequently is this direct order disobeyed by soldiers—and officers—under the thumb of enemy interrogators not at all concerned with the niceties of conduct or the weak threats of the Geneva Convention? And, more important, how often do our G.I.'s needlessly suffer the most excruciating and humiliating torture because of it?

The answer, in both cases: *almost invariably.*

From my personal observation, over 90% of all Americans interrogated by the Japanese in their torture camp at Ofuna and elsewhere talked more or less freely after having made their first pitiful stand. This included persons of unquestioned loyalty and courage, such as Colonel "Pappy" Boyington, Captain Louis Zamperini, various commanders of naval vessels and, perhaps the most courageous of all, Lt. Col. Bill Harris, son of the then Commanding General of Marine aviation.

Figures show that an even greater proportion of the captured German Afrika Korps in North Africa succumbed to our own less brutal, but equally effective, measures. Whatever else they have been accused of, Rommel's men have seldom been called disloyal or poorly disciplined.

The sad fact is that, with modern interrogation techniques, the captor has a hopeless advantage over the prisoner. Ruses, drugs, threats, brutality—these can all be brought to bear upon a lonely, beaten, starved soldier by a skilled intelligence officer.

As for the brutality, it has always been a standby of every military force in the field. And this is by no means excluding our own in isolated instances. Recently, however, our totalitarian enemies have made its use a matter of policy—force being the thing which they understand best themselves. And it is used immediately, which means that the POW must face his major crisis at a time which, for him, is premature.

It is then that he learns beyond all question, before he has had time to develop any adequate defense, that he *must* say something—or die. Not that he need tell anything of value to the enemy, but he must at least help to fill the pages of his interrogator's notebook. Not knowing this, many American prisoners have suffered terrible physical torture when they refused at this first session to answer questions about their home towns or schools.

I recall this well, since my own Japanese interrogator prefaced our first three meetings by breaking my nose at the first hesitancy shown. Actually, I was not hesitating but only thinking, reaching for the right lie. After the first time, my nose was too numb to hurt much anyway. It was the effect on the other prisoners in our little compound which disturbed me the most. This effect has now been elaborated upon and given the name of brain-washing, but it is as old as the history of warfare and will certainly be with us as long as prisoners are taken.

Sitting for long years in POW camps in the Pacific islands and Japan, we discussed this among ourselves. It was obvious to all of us that the very realization of being a prisoner, at the mercy of opponents whose whole aim is to eliminate you, is the largest single factor operating against a man in that position.

Having some Oriental shriek nonsense at you, as General Dean pointed out, was even a comic relief. It's the long sit, the life in limbo, the fear of the unknown which breaks men down and renders them pliable to the point where they become a nuisance to themselves and their nation.

The important thing is for one to know that he is carrying on the fight even in the slime of the prison barracks. A newly-taken prisoner can get a good start on that during his first interrogation—but not by the name, rank and serial number route.

Perhaps with a blindly-functioning automaton this farce might work. He might see no further than the question put to him and, if it weren't among the three permissible according to his instructions, he would refuse it. Not so the American, trained from boyhood to figure things out independently and to judge their inherent value. In the World War II interrogation camps, he thought over the meaning of the questions, their worth to the enemy, weighed this against the slow death by starvation and rupture which was certainly in store. Then, in most cases, he decided to make up his own rules as he went along.

He was not turning traitor, and not giving anything which he thought might possibly help the enemy. Just using the logic and independence he had been taught.

And, more credit to the American system which fostered him, he was right! Only top officers with recent and intimate knowledge of real value could give anything new to an enemy who had access to our newspapers and pictorial publications. Location of units, battle equipment, strength—these are all available today simply for the reading.

LAST YEAR, for instance, the discovery was made that a Canadian service publication was printing the destinations of personnel transferred to supposedly secret radar installations in the north. One of the subscribers to this publication was the Soviet Embassy! But a POW would be expected to defend this type of information with the last breath in him.

The same is true of technical information. A single representative of a hostile power sitting in an office in New York and clipping data from magazines can probably obtain more information of this nature than an elaborate system of espionage. It is extremely doubtful that any

person on combat status could add much to the wealth of data already published or known by our enemies, including that concerned with atomic weapons.

Why, in the face of this, the continued insistence on the useless business of name, rank and serial number? To be charitable, it might be only a form of tradition, under which any military outfit would founder if left to itself.

But the real answer is shocking: it is simply for lack of any better system! It's just a negative approach, resulting from the absence of imagination in our military thinking. The only consolation is that the commanding powers in other nations have shown the same stupidity.

Near the end of the Korean war, however, press reports told of Communists being sent out with the express mission of being captured, giving false information to interrogators, and causing as much trouble in the prison camps as possible. Maybe this is an answer.

But it is certainly not a new one. Over 2,000 years ago, the Greek city-states were using it against each other and it was a common practice to try to lead an opposing force into ambush by "planting" a few captives in the other camp. It was a realistic approach, and made the captive himself feel that he was still contributing to the campaign.

I felt somewhat that way after the second time my nose was flattened. The question being asked was: "Where was your dive bomber based?" Actually, I could have come from either one of two islands, Makin or Tarawa, which had very recently been secured from the Japanese. However, they were not supposed to know that there was a strip in operation on Makin, since there had not been when they were in command there.

After considering what a mess it would be on that crowded little strip we had just completed if they mounted a really good raid against it, and remembering how beautifully we had set up the defenses at Tarawa where there had already been facilities, I told this Japanese Yale graduate that Tarawa had been my base.

Enough hesitation had gone before so that he apparently thought this was the break-through, the great confession. Whether or not they mounted a raid on Tarawa as a result of my answer I don't know, but I sincerely hope they did. There would be no more certain way of losing everything sent aloft.

But again, that was not the point as far as I was concerned and as far as my future performance under fire was affected. Rather, it was a matter then of my knowing that I was still in operation, still fighting, and of being determined to keep things that way. But I had disobeyed the authorities!

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TODAY THE FARCE of war has progressed to the point were we no longer fear each other's military might as such. This is a bitter pill for the generals to swallow, but it is becoming more apparent every day. Now, we fear, instead, each other's intelligence. This is true at all levels, from atomic science to re-building a plank bridge over a remote stream. Yet we deny the POW the opportunity to use *his* intelligence to save his own life. Knowing beyond any doubt, from experience and statistics, that eventually he will be forced to rely on his own wit, we handicap him by leaving him completely forbidden to talk, subject to unnerving brutality in his first encounter with the enemy interrogator.

Of course, encouraging a potenial captive to gossip naively with the enemy has obvious drawbacks, too. He might unwittingly provide the small bit of information needed to complete an important picture. However, changed methods of warfare, which have made local battlefield operation as obsolete as messenger pigeons, also virtually eliminate the ordinary prisoner from the category of usefulness. Aside from atomic devastation, the whole pattern of attack and defense is now so fluid and shifting that one G.I.'s testimony usually is inaccurate before it is given. This makes the first interrogation the more important, since certainly the second and subsequent sessions will be of absolutely no value.

Our Navy had a stroke of good sense during the late months of World War II and permitted its personnel to divulge information when they were threatened with brutality. At that time, it was apparent that it no longer mattered if the Nips knew that one pilot came from the Bunker Hill, another from the Princeton. Nor had it mattered for a long time prior to that.

I HAVE NEWS for the Navy: *its men of all ranks had been giving that information for years.*

One thing is certain — there was as much cause for prosecuting many ex-POW's after World War II as there is now with the Batchelors and Dickensons.

There was the case of one Colonel who turned in a man who had openly collabo-

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rated with the Japanese for years during his captivity, had caused beatings of Americans and widespread starvation in the camp as well as informing against his own buddies. But the Colonel was told then that with Army enlistments falling off, the policy toward the Japanese changing, not a thing would be done. It might result in adverse publicity!

In any event, punishment of the individual would have been only a distraction and a revenge — just as it is now.

SEVERAL RECENT articles in national publications — almost without exception by persons who have never been prisoners of war — have emphasized the *political* effects, rather than the military, of our G.I.'s defection to Communist teachings. One admiral even said it might be that the Communists were no longer interested in obtaining military information in their interrogations, but were only seeking to gain a political foothold in the prisoner's mind. Well, then, why the name, rank and serial number route — a purely military solution to the problem?

Also, who cares about politics when there is a real war going on, when American G.I.'s are getting killed?

It's time somebody worried about the POW himself. Only 4,000 of the 22,000 American soldiers captured in the Philippines returned alive. Of 21 prisoners on my particular island in the Pacific, three were sent to Japan and the others were beheaded, strictly on the basis of rank. And what about those uninstructed Americans still kept prisoner in China?

ONE THING everyone who has investigated the question is agreed upon — the Geneva Convention rules are not worth the paper they're printed on, nor are the United Nations declarations in this regard. Some of the latter are downright ludicrous to a POW who has met the painful practicalities as they exist. The only thing that could have helped him — *or might help you* — is a completely new approach to the predicament of such prisoners and some rational thinking on the part of their commanders.

Several alternatives would work better than the present song and dance. An elaborate program of deliberate deception could be set up — which would not bear public discussion, of course. Even the institution of complete fanaticism and the refusal to be taken prisoner would be an improvement as far as the man himself is concerned. Few prisoners who lasted the full course in any war would hesitate to choose death rather than go through the same experience again.

But the first step in any new program should be to cease reducing every American to a defenseless moron before he is even taken prisoner.

LET THE POOR BASTARD live a little longer.

Release him from the useless name, rank and serial number routine.

Let him say what has been printed in headlines and articles the country over.

Bring to an end the cruelest farce in military history.

Give our captured G.I.'s an even break! ▲

The Champ

(*Continued from page 35*)

shoulders and jutting jaw. He wears an old bathrobe into the ring, shedding it just before the fight begins. Heavyweight champion of the world for two years and successful defender of his title on six occasions, the scowling, heavy-browed Canadian is a slight favorite.

The fight is a terrible thing to see — a bloodbath. Burns, crouching much in the manner of Jim Jeffries, comes straight at Johnson in the opening round and is almost immediately smashed to the canvas for an eight-count by the challenger's long, looping right hand. Johnson shuffles in and out, deceptively fast for a big man, keeping his rapier left constantly in the champion's face and counting with thudding right crosses to the heart and midsection.

As it becomes more and more apparent that Burns is no match for the big Negro, the crowd yells at Johnson to put him away. The challenger, however, is content to skip away when Burns bores in, spearing him at long range, all the while flashing his famous golden smile at the crowd. He is obviously torturing the champion.

"Hit there, Tommy," he chants, exposing his left side. When the blow is struck, he takes it without ~~wincing~~, then exposes the opposite flank. "Now, hit there, Tommy," he grins.

Burns is enraged. "You sonuvabitch!" he screams. The crowd, once behind Johnson, begins to lend vocal support to the smaller man and to hurl insults at Johnson. Finally, muttered threats are heard from those at ringside and a cordon of policemen station themselves about the ropes.

As the fourteenth round begins, a terrible, smashing right hand to Burns' mouth knocks him down once more. This time, the police take matters into their own hands and quickly stop the uneven slaughter.

Jack Johnson is heavyweight champion of the world!

JACK JOHNSON ruled the heavyweight roost for nearly seven years — from the Christmas Day massacre of Burns in 1908 until he relinquished the title to huge Jess Willard on a smothering April day in Havana in 1915. The first Negro to gain the heavyweight crown, he has been acclaimed by many ring experts as the finest big fighter of all time.

In a marathon 28-year career, the Galveston, Tex., giant engaged in 94 bouts and lost only five. He was a picture ringman — big and powerful, fast of hand and foot, the possessor of a blockbusting punch in either fist. Yet he was a classic boxer with a snapping left jab and amazing reflexes. His record of decision victories overshadows a recount of his knockouts simply because, as a cautious performer, he preferred never to extend himself unless it became absolutely necessary. He numbered among his victims such ring immortals as Jim Jeffries, "Philadelphia" Jack O'Brien, Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette and Stanley Ketchel.

Yet — this finest of all heavyweights was

also the most hated of all the fighters that have *ever* graced the ring!

The son of a slave, Johnson ascended to the heavyweight throne at a time when criticism of his race was rampant and his subsequent actions served only to fan the glowing embers of prejudice and bigotry. Though other Negro boxers of the time were held in high esteem, Johnson was hated by the American people with a smoldering, calculating hate never before or since duplicated. His florid social actions, his violation of custom, his swaggering and contemptuous attitude toward challengers for his title, made him the most despised and loathed champion that has ever laced on gloves.

Jack Johnson was born in Galveston on the last day of March, 1878. While yet in his teens, he scrambled onto the rods of a northbound train, finally clambering off in Springfield, Ill. Wandering about the streets of the state's capital city, he met the man who was to fashion his destiny. Johnny Connors, a 100-pound fighter of note and owner of the Empire Athletic Club and Saloon, took a liking to the youngster and put him to work as a porter.

Jack's first night on the job, a boisterous drunk entered the club and threatened to whip everyone in it, singly or collectively. Seconds after he'd opened his mouth, the bully was being chucked out the door, unconscious, by the five-foot, Irish-born Connors.

Young Johnson was so impressed by what he'd seen that he begged his trim little employer to teach him to box. The two sparred daily and the youngster worked doggedly until he was all that Connors could handle.

The saloon owner was promoting regular fight cards at the time and, before long, the porter was one of his feature attractions. As his local reputation grew, the young fighter's ego rose with it and when Connors noted the swagger in his protege's bearing, he imported a well-known slugger from East St. Louis to thrash him in a battle-royal. No sooner were the dozen fighters in the event assembled when Johnson flattened the imported ringer with a single punch. Thereafter, the little Irishman was forced to concede that his tiger's feelings about his ability had some merit.

Young Johnson took part in his first officially recorded battle in February of 1899, drawing in seven rounds with Jim McCormick, a fighter of no small reputation. Three months later, after he was knocked out by a man noted simply as Klondike, *The Chicago Tribune* observed that: "The long, rangy colored man from Springfield, looking something like Fitzsimmons, showed up well at the start, but weakened under the steady and ponderous attack of Klondike."

After dropping another fight to Joe Choynski, a rough, tough veteran of nearly 300 bouts, Johnson started on a long string of victories. By 1905, he was recognized as the most capable of the contenders for Jim Jeffries' heavyweight title. The champion refused him consideration, however — the color line in the division having been drawn clearly and unmistakably by John L. Sullivan years before.

Understandably embittered, the big Negro challenged every white man in sight. But opponents were becoming hard to find.

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Those who did agree to meet him found themselves facing a superbly clever boxer who systematically cut them to pieces and laughed like the very devil while doing it. Late in 1905, the Galveston giant fought Jeffries' brother, Jack, and after half killnig him, told him, "I beat you good, white boy, and some day I'm gonna lick your brother too."

Whether Johnson could have beaten bull-like Jeffries in his prime is a question that can never be answered — the champion simply wasn't having any. It was only after he'd beaten several great members of his own race — Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette, Sam McVey — and systematically chased Tommy Burns, who'd inherited the title from Jeffries, from one end of the world to the other, that he got his long-awaited shot at the crown.

Johnson's crushing defeat of the Canadian threw the American people into a frenzy, for they took badly to the idea of this unpopular boxer atop the heavyweight heap. When detailed reports of the Burns bloodletting drifted back from Australia, they cried for his scalp and promised one another that the big champion would be dethroned post-haste.

AFTER WINNING the title, Johnson returned to this country to box a no-decision affair with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, then engineered his own "bum-of-the-month" campaign with successive victories over motion-picture star Victor McLaglen, Tony Ross and Al Kaufman. The champion's cautious style, which made the most of a tremendous reach and catlike agility, was decried by a public that had raved over the wade-in, leather-slinging style of Jeffries. Moreover, the fact that he thumbed his nose at the fans and did as he damn-well pleased did nothing to endear him to their hearts.

"I can lick 'em all," he was fond of

What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?

EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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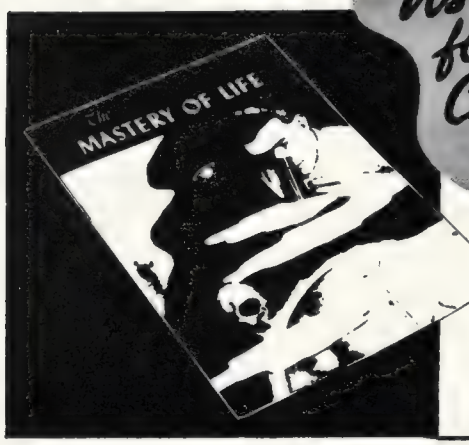

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boasting. "One at a time or all at once, I can lick all these white boys!" It was statements such as this that prompted the "white hope" campaign.

The "white hope" campaign was a movement born of the public insistence that somewhere there was a man to take the measure of the cocky, bullying gent in the driver's seat. Every man in the country who stood six feet tall in his socks and enjoyed reasonable health was a candidate for the honor. Men prominent in all walks of life promoted the interests of this young man or that one, hoping that out of the massive welter of assembled and trained flesh would emerge a saviour to return the title to its "rightful place."

When a challenger was finally uncovered, he was neither a big man nor one new to the ring.

STANLEY KETCHEL, considered by many the finest middleweight ever to don gloves, was the choice. At 160 pounds, Ketchel was a wildcat who breathed fire in the ring and spat out knockout blows with either hand the way a machine gun ejects slugs. Already acknowledged as a truly great ringman, he was the darling of fight fans and despite a 45-pound disadvantage in weight, was afforded a good chance of wresting the crown from the hated champion.

Held under a sunny California sky, the fight was a bruising spectacle that, for the first time, revealed the underlying ferocity in Johnson's make-up.

In the second round, Ketchel slipped to the canvas from a jolting left but brought a roar from the crowd by springing to his feet before a count could be started over him. In the seventh, the middleweight shot a blistering left of his own to Johnson's whiskers, staggering him momentarily, and the partisan throng was immediately on its feet, calling for a knockout. The champion, however, nimbly boxed his way out of danger.

Throughout the next four rounds, Ketchel pressed the attack, boring in close to the champion and hooking lefts and rights to the midsection as Johnson appeared to weary. In the twelfth, the challenger caught the big man napping.

Quick as a cat, Ketchel was off his stool and across the ring as the bell rang to start the round. Winging a stinging right to the point of Johnson's jaw, he lifted the big Negro off his feet and onto his back on the canvas. Before the stunned crowd knew what had happened, Johnson was upright once again. With a scream of hate, he leaped at Ketchel like a wild bull and swung his own right in a clubbing uppercut that dumped the challenger face up and unconscious on the ring floor.

Such was the force of the blow that Ketchel was out of his senses for nearly an hour, and four of his teeth, snapped off short at the gums, were found imbedded in Johnson's glove!

WITH THE MIDDLEWEIGHT'S defeat, the clamor for a new "white hope" continued to grow. A movement to bring Jeffries out of retirement extended even to the pulpit. Finally, Jeff consented to meet the champion.

Jeffries was considered invincible by oldtimers who'd seen him whip all comers during his reign as titleholder. Hadn't he

beaten Joe Choynski, Sailor Tom Sharkey, Bob Fitzsimons and Jim Corbett? "Here's a man to put the intruder in his place," they said.

So, Jim Jeffries, the man whose intolerance of the Negro race had probably helped more than any other factor to make Johnson act as he did toward his white opponents, was called upon again to fight for his intolerant beliefs.

But the Jeffries of old was not the same man who'd once been champion.

Rich living and inactivity had promoted excessive fat and Jeff had ballooned to 300 pounds. In shedding 80 of them for the fight, he left himself weak and drawn.

Reno, Nev., scene of the battle, was deluged with fans days in advance of the attraction. Members of the crowd were orderly, the extra precaution of making them check their weapons having been taken as they arrived in town. Seconding Jeffries were his brother Jack and a former champion, Jim Corbett, who'd once been his bitter rival.

Before the bout, Jeff had reportedly announced that he'd "restore the honor of the white race." The champion, though visibly jittery, had been content to say simply, "I'll beat him easy."

The fight itself, waged under a grueling sun and refereed by the fabulous Tex Rickard, was little more than a farce.

For the first two rounds, Johnson was content to box in his countering, cautious fashion. In the third, he seemed to acquire a confidence that he hadn't possessed earlier and began to hurl taunts at Jeffries. From then until the fourteenth, he battered the challenger from one ringpost to another, taking his rushes in stride and countering his thrusts beautifully. For the fans, and poor Jeff, the contest was a nightmare.

In the fifteenth round, the champion suddenly hooked Jeffries on the jaw and when he reeled backward from the blow, followed with a right and a left combination to the same spot. Jeff dropped onto his back and barely made it to his feet at the count of ten. The big Negro was on top of him with a terrific barrage of punches, almost blasting him out of the ring. Jeffries bearlike, bloodied form struggled upward, only to drop again. A towel came flying from the challenger's corner and Corbett leaped into the ring, in tears, screaming, "Stop him, stop him. He's killing Jeff!" Handlers and friends quickly intervened and the struggle was halted.

The easy 15 rounds of work made Johnson a rich man, netting him over $120,000. Jeffries, though defeated, realized even more – $190,000 – from his ill-advised attempt to regain the title.

NOW THE CRIES for a "white hope" swelled to fantastic proportions, echoed and re-echoed throughout the land. Johnson laughed at the feverish manhunt and turned to his social pursuits that included good food, good drink and several white women.

Johnson's first marriage had ended when his white wife filed suit for divorce; his second ended a few weeks after the ceremony when his young bride committed suicide. Proud, defiant, Johnson answered, "It's none of your damn business what I do," to queries about his marriages and private life. He mingled with white folk – something unheard of in those days – and often invited them into his Chicago bar where he sat, resplendent in a dress suit and beret, sipping rare wines through a straw. If a boxer like Joe Louis had been champion in Johnson's place, the search for a white challenger might never have occurred. Unfortunately, Johnson was as strident as Joe is silent, as insulting as Joe is polite and as sneeringly cocky as Joe is quietly confident. Reaction against Johnson was based more on his personality than his color.

As public indignation spread, movements to "get Johnson" were envolved. Finally, he was accused of transporting one Lucille Cameron, a white girl, across a state line for immoral purposes. In violation of the Mann Act, it constituted a federal offense. With the public demanding action, Miss Cameron was called upon to testify against Johnson but she promptly married him. When he was sentenced to a year and a day in the penitentiary, they fled the country together.

Years later, Johnson insisted that the Mann Act charge was trumped up to crucify him on the cross of public indignation. "I married white girls," he explained, "because they treated me better than those of my own race. I didn't mean to hurt nobody."

Safely stowed away in Paris, the Johnsons lived as they pleased, ignoring the wails of protest that periodically spanned the rough waters of the Atlantic. In 1913 and 1914, the champion defended his title on three occasions. In his first encounter he smashed Andre Spoul to the floor in three rounds. Later, he defeated Jim Johnson, a capable colored man, in 10 rounds and Frank Moran, one of the better "white hopes," in 20.

AS HE GREW OLDER and lived in better style, however, Johnson's zest for fighting waned for he only fought when he had to eat. He had already run through the rich purses awarded him for the Ketchel and Jeffries bouts.

Johnson, enjoying his usual florid existence to the hilt in gay Paris, was inclined to scoff at the campaign to raise a man to beat him.

As contenders were eliminated in one way or another, the public began to despair of ever seeing the crown atop any head save the shiny, bald pate of Johnson. Then, over the fistic horizon and into the spotlight stepped a new challenger. His name was Jess Willard.

Towering six feet, three inches in the air and weighing 260 pounds, the "Pottowottamie Giant" was a great bear of a man, possessed of a magnificent physique. His size captured the public imagination and inspired hope that, at long last, here was a man to beat the champ.

The big man's medciore record bothered the people not a whit. Licked by stumblebums and punching-bags, Willard had evidently posted at least some victories by the simple expedient of scaring opponents half to death with his tremendous bulk. By remaining idle for nearly a year preceding the bout, he'd detoured attention from his lackluster record and promoted himself into the joust with Johnson.

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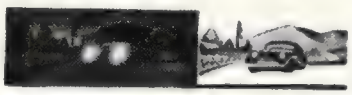

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theater stages where he portrayed feats of strength, agreed to a bout in Havana, Cuba. The fight took place under a torrid tropical sun at the Oriental Race Track on the 5th of April, 1915. Few competent ring observers afforded Willard a chance of winning.

The fight was dull, both men showing a reluctance to battle in earnest or set a fast pace in the blistering heat. From the twentieth round on, Johnson showed signs of tiring, his 37 years beginning to show. At the start of the 26th, Willard landed two apparently light, ineffectual lefts to the head and followed with a right uppercut to the chin. Johnson fell to the mat as though pole-axed and was counted out on his back, one arm over his face as though to shield his eyes from the Havana sun!

CONTROVERSY over the fight has raged to the present day. Johnson apparently wrote finis to the argument when, some years after the affair, he remarked, "I threw the Willard fight." But that statement has never been fully accepted at face value. Some say that he was promised an annulment of his prison sentence if he would take a dive and thus restore the heavyweight crown to the hands of the white world. Other observers claim he threw the fight for much needed cash. Still others insist that Willard beat him fairly and that, at 37 years of age, he couldn't stand the pace or the sun.

Whatever the true story, for all practical purposes Jack Johnson was through fighting. He engaged in a few more contests but the years and his way of life told the story. His strength and skill were only shadows of their former selves.

The big Negro returned to the United States in 1920, lonely and desperate for money. He was promptly tossed into prison to serve his much-delayed sentence.

When his term in the penitentiary ended, he settled in New York City, drifting aimlessly from one job to another. He worked in bars, dug ditches, had a fling as a night-club performer and even boxed a little. He did nothing with any degree of success. In the late 1920's he wrote the story of his life, depicting himself as a great patriot and a good and kindly man. For a while he gave temperance talks, describing the alcohol he'd once loved so dearly as "devilish and the ruination of the race."

He finally took a position as a sideshow entertainer in Hubert's Museum on West 42nd Street in New York where he gave boxing exhibitions and told stories, some of them true, of his ring career to wide-eyed and open-mouthed spectators.

TO THE END he was the same Jack Johnson millions had hated. In the early 1940's he claimed that he'd challenged Joe Louis, then heavyweight champion, to a fight to the finish, but that Louis, afraid of him, had backed down. Slowly, imperceptibly, as new generations were spawned and grew to adulthood, the name of Jack Johnson faded into oblivion.

Finally, when he died in an automobile accident near Raleigh, N. C., in 1946, there were many people unfamiliar with his name.

Hardly anyone even hated him anymore. ▲

Fabulous Dogs

(*Continued from page 29*)

impatience at the eternal procrastinations of women rubbed off on Ador. For when Mrs. Lampkin went shopping, leaving the dog in the car, he would start blowing the horn when he figured that she had taken just about long enough. But what really disturbed the Lampkins was that once Ador had mastered the trick he started teaching it to his equally-talented offspring!

Silver Blue Loarco, belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Durwood Scott of Salt Lake City, is "under the impression that she is human, too." The Scotts relate that their Weimaraner, "sits in the middle of the room, turning her gaze from one person to the other as he or she speaks, raising first one quizzical eyebrow and then the other." The dog seems to think that there's no reason to leave her out of conversations simply because she's a dog.

"But," the Scotts say, "if anyone says the word 'bird,' her eyes fly open and turn almost black with excitement and she stiffens to attention."

One owner of a gray ghost even reports that his dog answers the telephone. Paul Barry's dog does, in fact, lift the receiver from the hook when the phone rings, much to the consternation of Barry's Marshfield, Mass., neighbors. When last heard from, Barry was still waiting for the dog to make its first outgoing call.

THE ORIGIN of this breed is a mystery that will probably never be completely unraveled. It was intentionally shrouded in secrecy. Records do show that the gray dogs first made their appearance in the German republic of Weimar about one hundred and fifty years ago. Beyond this almost nothing is definitely known.

It is believed that the dogs were first bred by Teutonic noblemen as big game dogs and watch dogs. This point of view is, however, challenged by a group of English owners who claim that the dog isn't German in origin at all. The Weimaraner, they say, first came from Russia. They explain its first appearance in Germany as part of the dowery of a Russian princess who married a Weimar noble.

Regardless of the dogs' ancestral stamping ground, German sportsmen welcomed the breed as an ideal hunting companion and were soon working them on big game such as wild boar, stag and wolves. So impressed were they with the breed that they banded together into an exclusive fraternity, the German Weimaraner Club, for the single purpose of protecting and refining the Weimaraner blood line.

This they did by setting up a rigid control system. "Breed-wardens" were assigned the job of determining—on the basis of annual trials—which dogs were eligible to be bred. Without an official O.K. from the wardens, a Weimaraner owner couldn't breed his stock. The wardens also policed the sale and transfer of the dogs according to the club's rules, which stated that no dog was to fall into the hands of a non-member.

In order to join the club, and be entitled to buy a dog, a man was subjected to a lengthy character investigation! As a further entrance requirement, he was obliged to swear that he would use the dog for hunting and that he would destroy any puppies that were judged imperfect. As a result of this stern measure the overwhelming majority of Weimaraners have bred true to form. That is, they are free from such undesirable traits as gun shyness, viciousness, cowardice and physical faults.

The dogs were successfully confined to Germany until 1913. Then their jealous protectors relaxed the club's rules enough to allow nearby Austrian hunters to buy a few. It was 1929 before the first gray ghost made its debut in this country.

Howard Knight, a wealthy Rhode Island sportsman, heard about the fabulous dogs from a visiting German friend. He managed to convince the governors of the Weimaraner Club that the dogs could be brought into this country and bred as "gentlemen's shooting dogs" without endangering the purity of the blood line.

Knight's perserverence resulted in his becoming the club's first overseas member and he was sent two dogs. However, they turned out to be sterile. Their jealous owners had exposed them to ultra-violet radiation! It was not until 1938 that the Germans, fearing that the breed might be wiped out by the oncoming war, shipped Knight his first sound breeding stock.

He bred the dogs very slowly, giving the pups only to his most trusted friends. They agreed that the dogs should not be commercially bred. However, in early 1943, two Weimaraners handily walked away with the first prizes at Westminster, the Kentucky Derby of dog shows. Dog fanciers were jolted to attention and the popularity of the hitherto unknown breed began to skyrocket.

AMERICAN OWNERS, who treasure their dogs, have never instituted the harsh controls of the German Weimaraner Club. The American Club does forbid its members to breed imperfect dogs or engage in cross-breeding the gray dogs with other pure breeds. But the teeth of the German plan, the dictatorial breed-wardens, are missing. As a result it is impossible to enforce the club rule.

In 1953, for instance, TV funnyman Arthur Godfrey announced that he had developed an interesting new breed of dog. He explained that he crossed a Weimaraner and pure-bred German Shepherd. The result of the cross mating, he said, was a black, female pup. Outraged Weimaraner fanciers deluged Godfrey with protesting phone calls, letters and telegrams.

On Dec. 10, 1953, Mrs. Harold Goldsmith of Ridgefield, Conn., let the comedian have it with both barrels. Charging that his highly-touted "humility" was a farce, she declared that "He takes a product of 150 years of careful breeding and produces a mongrel which he boasts about on his TV programs."

Godfrey denied that he had deliberately bred the dogs, stating that the pup's "old man made a mistake." He refused to give in to Mrs. Goldsmith's demand that the pup be spayed. The controversy died. Weimaraner owners say that while the antics of persons such as Godfrey may harm the breed, the comedian represents only a very small minority of Weimar owners.

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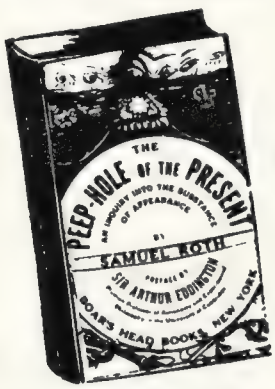

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The meteoric rise in popularity of their fabulous dogs has left many members and non-members gasping for breath. Many fear that mass-production breeding will eventually cause the deterioration of the breed in this country. Certain shady characters, they point out, have sold dogs of doubtful ancestry. Legitimate breeders don't sell their dogs cheaply, are careful in selecting breeding partners, and back up the dogs they sell with a money-back guarantee.

Still, Weimaraners, for the present at least, are weathering the storm of their fabulous popularity with remarkable success. One hundred and fifty years of careful, selective breeding and training has paid off. Today's gray ghosts are just as steady to wing, shot and kill, as keen-nosed and as courageously loyal to their masters as were their ancestors of old Weimar.

As a general-purpose hunting and field-trial dog, the Weimaraner has very few competitors. With training and opportunity he will hunt anything, anywhere.

One gray ghost was trained by his West Coast owner to hunt cougar along with a pack of well-seasoned cat hounds. "Not only did he outrun the hounds," states the owner, "but he treed first and was in on the big cat at the kill faster than any cat hound I have ever seen. This Weimaraner is a trailer, a fighter and a cat-killing fool."

Another hunter who ran foxhounds complained that using a Weimaraner on fox took all the fun out of the sport. "No gamble any more!"

EVEN THOUGH the first Weimaraners were used to hunt big game, they have adapted themselves to smaller prey and score heavily as pointers and retrievers. Their famed vacuum-cleaner technique—working every available inch of cover—insures that little or no game will be missed. Several owners even report that their dogs pointed and retrieved their first birds before they were six months old.

The Weimaraners' radar-like noses and sense of direction have not only gained them fame as hunters but have also enabled them to track lost hunters, strayed children, and escaped convicts. Not long ago, when a small girl was lost in the Midwest, hundreds of policemen, special deputies, firemen and volunteers searched for over ten hours without any results. Just before the search was abandoned, a Weimaraner belonging to William A. Olson of Minneapolis was brought to join the hunt.

Olson's dog, Tell, was given the scent from articles of the child's clothing. In a moment the dog was off, following the trail which had been all but obliterated by hundreds of searchers. Tell led the search party straight to the place where the girl had fallen asleep after wandering from her parents.

Some owners have described their Weimaraner's sense of direction as uncanny, calling it a sixth sense. Take the case of Arno, owned by H. Limpert. One day the dog was taken some 15 miles by automobile to the home of a game keeper who

wanted to borrow him for a few days of hunting. Three days after Limpert delivered the dog to the game keeper he received a phone call from the man informing him that Arno had jumped the back fence and had disappeared. While Limpert and the game keeper were still discussing the dog's behavior over the telephone, Arno vaulted his master's front fence and came dashing to Limpert's side. He had gone overland, covering a strange route, in less than 45 minutes.

Besides their acute sense of smell and direction, Weimaraners possess still a third inherent quality which sets them above the common run of dogs. That is their extraordinary receptiveness to training. This appears at a far earlier age than in other breeds, and continues throughout the Weimar's life. It is this quality which accounts for the breed's fine showing in obedience tests.

It is a Weimaraner, Grafmar's Ador again, that holds the world's obedience championship. Ador won the coveted title when he was only six months and three days old. This record can never be beaten, only tied, for a dog must be six months old to enter the trial and must qualify in three consecutive daily shows before the main event.

The gray dogs have an almost insatiable need for human companionship and understanding. This need, coupled with their responsiveness to training and a deep-seated sense of loyalty to their owners, makes them ideal pets. Although some sportsmen seem to believe that a good hunting dog will be ruined by lots of affection, the Weimaraner flourishes under such treatment. He develops best in the field when his master extends to him, to quote William Denlinger, "the hospitality of his hearth and bedside."

Oddly enough, the dogs don't extend any of their love for people to other animals. A Weimaraner in the company of other dogs may have to be watched rather carefully. This is partially due to breeding since they were first trained to kill as well as hunt big game. However, a large part of their hostility to other animals can be attributed to their infatuation with their owners. And in a home where there is a Weimaraner it is likely to be a case of the one-dog man rather than the traditional one-man dog.

OWNERS OF WEIMARANERS, who have (with certain justification) been accused at times of being fanatics when it comes to their dogs, point out that the dogs' innate sense of responsibility adds tremendously to their value as personal pets. Just such a sense of responsibility was demonstrated by one Weimaraner whose owner operated an inn. The man's place of business was several hundred feet from a waterfall very popular with tourists. The dog would station himself on a path leading to the fall and when he spotted a group of sightseers on their way to the fall he would obligingly lead the way. Once they had a good look at the torrent of water, he again took up his position as semi-official guide and urged them on to his owner's inn.

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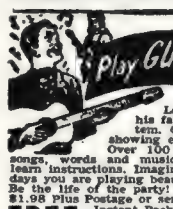

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Headshrinkers

(*Continued from page 26*)

darkness kept watch alone, while the Indians, their loin-cloths wrapped about them, lay side by side, speaking to each other in low voices.

At dawn on the second day we witnessed in silence the "rite of tobacco." The headman chewed tobacco leaves and then spat them into a shallow calabash. With his fingers he crushed and rubbed them to extract a thick liquid. Raising the vessel, he sucked it into his mouth and went up to the murderers and the other participants. Each in turn bent back his head and received up their nostrils a dose of tobacco juice, spat with considerable force. The rite was repeated four times. Its object was to protect the participants against the evil power still in the trophy.

The two warriors now traced the outline of a skeleton with black paint on their bodies. A broad curved band at the top of the spine gave a strange shape to his shoulder blades. Between this and the waist were ten stripes, five on the chest and five on the back. Three stripes ran down each arm as far as the wrist. On the legs, between knee and ankle, were five stripes and an anklet. The face was simply indicated by one black gash prolonging the mouth into the middle of the cheeks. Now they confronted death as dead men themselves, having passed from the human world to the spirit world.

They set to work.

The trophy was taken off the spear and the hair bound with lianas. Then, with *chonta*-wood pins, the headman pierced eyelet holes at the base of the neck. Through these he passed a thread on which he hung a ring of flexible wood. The head was thus transformed into a sort of pocket. The mouth was sewn up in the same way, by darts passed through the lips from below and surrounded with thread.

The participants sang: *"Ao apainoue.* He is sewing."

THIS WAS ONE of the most important rites, which henceforward condemned the hostile sorcerer to silence. The eyelids were likewise pierced and sewn up. Now the process of drying by sand could begin.

The sand was being heated in a round, hollow plate. Nearby, a smooth stone lay exposed to the fire. The headman, followed by the two murderers, scooped up sand in an oblong calabash and poured it into the head. Then, shaking the head to and fro, they drove the sand in deep so that the heated particles might act upon the scalp.

Fresh sand was constantly poured in. The flat stone, held by means of a folded leaf, was used on the outside skin. Through the dilated pores the flesh lost its fat and dried up. Sand and stone gradually transformed it into a sort of leather which grew harder every minute.

"Wi yeyakim chumbiale. I am pouring sand," the Indians repeated constantly, till night fell. A short pause allowed them to swallow the boiled fish the women had brought from the hut. When the trophy was once more held up on the tip of the spear, it was already shrivelled and tanned and had almost acquired its final form.

The next process was, technically, a remarkable achievement. The ring binding the neck opening was tightened and the head, firmly held in by the hair and the sheath of lianas, was massaged by the Indians. They pressed on the skin with thumbs dipped in ashes. They hollowed out the cheeks, shaped the nose, even gave the ears their original shape. Two days of this treatment, together with the continuous pouring of hot sand into the inside, produced the trophy.

Two-thirds smaller than a normal head, slightly narrower in proportion, with its lips protruding and maintained in that position by three darts, and the hair on face and head marvellously preserved — such was the Indian *tsantsa*.

Then the two participants got into their canoe, and while the last of night enfolded the sleeping camp they sped towards the hut to announce the imminent arrival of the trophy.

I WAS TO WITNESS AGAIN the solemn reception of a shrunken head, but I never expect to experience the same strong emotion as in that hut on the Upper Siguin.

The war-drum sounded incessantly; visitors brought the good news to allied dwellings. Crowds flocked from all the nearby *jivaria*. Canoes landed lower down with loads of men, women and children. The old women never stopped singing. The stir and bustle transformed this wild corner of the forest.

Suddenly a canoe appeared. At first it was a dark mass gliding through the fog; then, as it came nearer, we could make out, standing upright, the murderers and the headman. Two Indians who had met them during the night held the paddles.

The news of their arrival sent everybody rushing about, not in disorderly fashion, but in a way that proved how familiar the various rites were.

The boat grounded. One of the oarsmen moored it to a tree stump and steadied it with his foot. One murderer got out first. He carried the *tsantsa* hung round his neck. The second murderer and the headman jumped out in their turn. Their faces bore visible marks of the deepest exhaustion, as befitted men who had spent a long time communing with spirits.

A procession was formed. In front marched the three heroes of the celebration, the headman between the two murderers, with his arms round their shoulders. Behind them came all the Indians, armed. As the procession entered the hut, the singing grew more passionate. When the head was hung beside its owner's bed there was a yell of joy: "Struck down! Struck down!"

Amid general rejoicing, those who had taken part in the shrinking were led by the chief to the stools specially set out for them. He took them by the shoulders and helped them to sit down, saying: "Those who have fasted shall crush the head."

At this point I confess myself mystified. I could not fathom the significance of this ritual gesture. Much of the ceremonial during this feast of welcome retains its mystery.

I found it difficult to be the perfect witness amid the excitement that, all around us, was mounting continuously. But it was obvious that the Indians were undertaking some further magical measure of protection. Four times in succession, tobacco juice was spat into the nostrils of the four men and the choir of women accompanied the rite with the chant: "Drink in the tobacco."

After this, for the rest of the day, everyone could do as he pleased. The women took off their belts and bracelets and returned to their mastication. The men, in small groups, went down to the river to bathe or lay on the platforms and began interminable conversations. Jars of fermented *yamanche* were handed round. Shouts and even threats began to be heard. A sour smell pervaded the hut.

AT SUNSET the men took out of their fibre wallets their ear-ornaments, red and black head-dresses, bamboo tubes holding paint for their faces. All got ready for the dances.

The first dance, the *kongo-pi*, was performed by the headman and the murderers. The spear, thrust point downwards into the earth, upheld the trophy. When the opening words had been uttered the dancers began to move round it. Later all the guests joined in to a much faster rhythm, interspersed with shouts and animal-like howls, which lasted till the middle of the night.

After a light meal, everyone foregathered for the *Iiste* dance.

The *Iiste* dance was a terrifying, and at the same time a monotonous, spectacle: a series of endless paroxysms. Hand in hand in a single line the women rushed forwards with a howl: *"Iiste! Iiste!* See! See!"

Behind them the men urged them on, even struck them to quicken their pace. They ran for hours, without a pause, from end to end of the hut. While they ran forwards the chorus shouted, *"Iiste!"* When they ran back the whole assembly imitated the barking of the wild dog. Everyone was carried away by the din and each tried to outdo the rest. Once more I clearly felt that secret anguish to which these songs and dances give rise. These were no orgies. There was nothing here but fear, a carefully regulated fear.

A CHILLY DAWN lit up the last spasmodic signs of life among the Indians. Most of them were sprawling on the ground or on their beds. It was time now for the murderers to rise. They had taken no part in the excitement.

They had before them a day of fasting and hard work. They had to prepare the rite of *wambo*, the purification of the trophy.

Two jars were brought, specially-made jars that had never been used. One was to hold the *yamanche* of the three officiants, the other the *yamanche* to be offered to the *tsantsa*. But the fermented liquor must not be allowed to touch a vessel shaped by unclean hands. The murderers, therefore, prepared frames of light wood, finely trellised, and placed them at the bottom of the two vessels. On each of these they laid six plantain leaves, so arranged as to take the shape of the jar and hold the liquid.

All their actions were directed by the headman, to whom fell the task of pouring into each jar the necessary quantity of *yamanche*. Then, with a sort of spoon, he had carved himself, he stirred it lightly.

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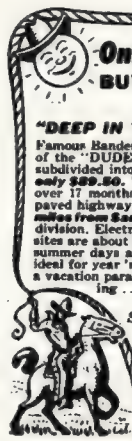

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We were the only spectators of these strange rites. The Indians, who had drunk far too much *yamanche*, were more interested in quarrelling with one another outside and in showing off their strength.

When darkness returned the dances began again, accompanied by even wilder shouts. Sleep was out of the question, which was just as well, for some drunken Indians came up to threaten us where we lay. Even our guide Francesco, as excited as anyone, had bartered his trousers for a new loin-cloth.

Next morning brought calm. The Indians' faces wore serious looks again. Now we witnessed the rite of purification.

A few steps away from the hut a broad shield, the *tandara*, was laid on the ground, handle upward. On it were placed the two vessels containing the ritual food and the black belt that one of the murderers was to wear.

The songs began. The head was held up over the big jar and its hair dipped under water and held there. The headman dried it by rubbing it repeatedly against his stomach.

A chorus of yells accompanied the ceremony. The din was increased by the clashing of wooden boards. Surely no evil spirits would dare venture into the neighbourhood! The wretched trophy was now undoubtedly segregated, vanquished for ever by its adversaries. Now it could be brought back in triumph, unveiled, into the hut.

All the men drew up in a line, one behind the other, led by the first murderer with the head hanging round his neck. Behind him came his companion, then the headman, the guest chiefs, the whole crowd.

"Hum! Hum!" cried the Indians, stamping on the ground.

"Yakta!" and they moved forward a few yards.

"Hum! Hum! Yakta!"

THUS THE PROCESSION advanced towards the hut to which the chorus of women preceded it. When they came beneath the roof there was a general stampede. Guns were fired, spears were tossed wildly into the air. For the first time the head, brandished in a man's fist, led the warriors' dance. When the excitement died down the trophy was offered to the sun.

First it was fixed to a spear, according to the customary ritual: the first knot was tied by the headman, the others by the murderers. Thus secured, the head was lifted in the direction of the rising sun and then towards the west, while the women chanted: *"Etsa iista.* See the sun."

The rejoicings continued with increased intensity for the guests although the sacrificers still had a day's fasting to observe. They merely pretended to drink *yamanche* while all around them the revelry was organized: literally organized, for here even drunkenness is meticulously regulated. The first to drink were the warriors, those who

have already killed, who have won their spurs. Eight of them went up to the eight women who waited for them in the centre of the hut, holding vessels overflowing with the fermented liquor. A cry rang out and the men grabbed their cups and drank without taking breath.

Then a remarkable incident took place. My colleague Fred, who liked to take pictures of every conceivable subject, went up to the group of drinkers. Kuhi, who was among them, caught him by the hand and led him in front of the women.

"Have you ever killed?" Kuhi asked.

Fred did not answer, but nonetheless a vessel was handed to him and he drank, while a sudden hush fell over the crowd.

Then the revels began. With painted faces, ears pierced with heavy ornaments, necklaces dangling on their chests, men and women rushed wildly through the dwelling. Night increased their frenzy. Shrill cries rang out incessantly.

"Let the head dance! *Tuyung! Tuyung!*"

The dances of the chiefs and that of the murderers were riotously acclaimed: there was promise of gross delights in the dance of the women. These wretched creatures had not a moment's respite from serving drinks, dancing and submitting to their husbands' lust, none of which occupations seemed to afford them any pleasure.

Only the virgins were granted any consideration, and if one of them occasionally ventured into the forest with a young warrior, she got something better than a beating there.

After the ceremony, the headman and the murderers had been supplied with *awayuss*. Thus they returned to normal life. Having swilled out their mouths with the hot infusion, they drank a mouthful. Then they were ready to face solid food—boiled meat and palmetto hearts and manioc roots and the big piece of rock salt against which these eatables are rubbed. This was their first meal since the murder, and they ate it with an appetite that can be imagined.

The murderers bathed in the river, rubbed the traced skeletons from their bodies, put on new loincloths, painted their faces and fixed feather ornaments in their hair. Purified, restored on equal terms to their kindred, they were welcomed with a frantic joy that abated only when the two men had set on the arm or breast of all present the black sign of the head-shrinking.

The others went on rejoicing as before, drinking, singing, dancing—what the old-fashioned explorers called "orgies." Then, to end up with, everyone flocked to the river to bathe, and the women were plastered with mud and ducked and beaten, all to the great delight of their husbands.

NEXT MORNING, I woke in a hut strewn with sleeping bodies to see a strange piece of apparatus, looming above me. It was over nine feet tall and shaped like a cross. On its left arm the head was hung from a thread. The cheeks had been daubed with a magical red paint and the lips were free of the wooden pins that had secured them.

Now, the witchdoctor's power had been exorcised at last, and no evil could ever again issue forth from those shrunken lips! ▲

Gargantua

(*Continued from page 46*)

bound into the small compartment at the end of his cage and slam the door shut.

Then I went into the big compartment with one of Gargantua's favorite foods, a bottle of Coca-Cola. There were heavy bars separating the compartments and I held the Coke bottle up with its neck sticking through the bars. Just as he was about to take a sip, I grabbed it away. I repeated this three or four times. When Gargantua was thoroughly infuriated, I switched bottles and gave him a bottle containing half coke and half castor oil. He gulped it down greedily and then realized that he had been tricked.

I have never in my life seen any animal quite so angry. He jumped up and down screaming. He picked up the automobile tire which was his favorite toy and threw it violently against the bars of the cage. He grabbed the bars in both hands and both Tomas and I were convinced he was going to tear his cage apart.

Tomas had a little more confidence in the cage than I did. He stayed to watch. I found some urgent work to do at the other end of the grounds.

THERE WAS A TIME when Gargantua had eye trouble. I didn't know precisely what was wrong because I could never get near enough to him to do an accurate diagnosis. However, his eyes were red and infected and I suggested to Tomas that if boric acid could be put in them it might do some good. Tomas agreed to try. I mixed up a boric acid solution and he would stand by the hour, teasing Gargantua into a position inside his small compartment. He would play with him and whenever Gargantua would come near the bars, Tomas would squirt at his eyes.

Since it didn't hurt, this became a sort of game to the gorilla and he appeared to enjoy it—to the very slight extent he allowed himself to enjoy anything. In the course of a two- to three-hour session every day for a week, Tomas managed to get some of the boric acid into his eyes and the condition soon cleared up.

BUT IN JUNE OF 1949, we knew that Gargantua was a very sick ape. He was extremely restless; he was showing less and less interest in his food; he wasn't acting quite so mean. His gums looked inflamed. And Tomas and I would stand at his cage by the hour, trying to decide what to do for him and feeling absolutely helpless and impotent.

There was nothing we could do. We couldn't take his temperature. We couldn't listen to him with a stethoscope. We couldn't feel his pulse. We couldn't even get close enough to take a really good look at his teeth, his gums, or his eyes in order to help a diagnosis. We could just stand several feet away from his cage and watch him gradually sinking.

Even some of his habits changed. For instance, before going to sleep at night, he was always given a thick, fuzzy cotton blanket. He used to spread this out on the floor of his cage and spend as much as an hour getting it absolutely flat without a

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wrinkle. He would then lie down in it, roll up completely, and go to sleep. In the morning, he would wake up and, very carefully and methodically, rip the blanket to shreds. We used to buy them by the gross and a gross lasted exactly one hundred and forty-four days.

Now he was becoming careless about smoothing the blanket before rolling up in it. He still carefully tore it to shreds on awakening in the morning.

TWO WEEKS before he died, we were playing in Virginia. Dr. William Mann, head of the Washington zoo, came down to see the show. I took him over to look at Gargantua and he and I did exactly what Tomas and I had been doing for months. We stood and looked, helplessly shook our heads and said, "What a shame that such a beautiful animal should make it impossible for us to help him."

We could guess then that Gargantua had stomatitis because of the red, inflamed gums. He must have had very bad teeth, because he was neglecting some of his favorite foods such as bananas. He would sit in the corner of his cage and lick a banana avidly, but never bite it.

He still drank his orange juice and his cocoa, but he wouldn't take anything that had to be chewed. We managed to get a little nicotinic acid into him in his cocoa and in his orange juice. We also succeeded in getting penicillin and aureomycin into his stomach; but we were groping, and this wasn't enough.

Some of the symptoms were similar to a deficiency disease in dogs called sore mouth, but I knew that couldn't be the trouble with Gargantua because we had always fed him a very carefully balanced diet. His normal diet consisted of chocolate, milk, water, every conceivable kind of fruit juice, all fruits, all vegetables, a little cooked liver, cod-liver oil, and liver extract. With that kind of diet, you simply don't get sore mouth. On that diet, Gargantua had always been fat, vigorous, and active. And even at times when he was a little under the weather, Tomas could always coax him to eat. I don't know what his particular magic was, but he somehow managed to make Gargantua eat even when he had no appetite.

I have often been asked why it wasn't possible to anesthetize him and then examine and treat him while he was asleep. There are only two ways to anesthetize a large animal. You can give him something like Nembutal in a vein, or you have to give him ether. It was impossible to get close enough to give him an injection of any kind. We couldn't put him in the squeeze cage because no squeeze cage is strong enough and he was too active. In order to feed him Nembutal by mouth or to pump an anesthetic through the air-conditioning system, it would have been necessary to know more accurately his tolerance.

TOLERANCE in an animal depends on his weight and also the amount of fat. We usually subtract most of the weight of the fat from the overall weight in order to gauge the amount of the anesthesia. With Gargantua, it was impossible to feel him or to estimate how much of him might be fat. Therefore, giving him an anesthetic through the air-conditioning system or by mouth was too dangerous to try. There was always the chance that by some miracle he would recover; we couldn't take the chance of killing him. By the time we knew he was dying, it was too late for this treatment.

Finally one morning in Miami, our final date in the 1949 tour, Tomas called me over and we stood looking at the most vicious animal in captivity. He was huddled in a corner in the far end of his cage. His chin rested on his chest. His legs stuck straight out in front of him and his arms flopped on the floor. His vicious expression looked as though it had been painted on his massive face. Tomas and I spent most of that day with him looking for some sign that would help us to treat him. He hardly touched his liquids. He didn't eat. He just lay there looking very mean and very unhappy.

Late that night, Tomas and I attempted to feed him. We opened part of the cage and, with sticks, moved the food around trying to arouse his curiosity. We thought perhaps, if we could get him up and make him move around, that might arouse some appetite. But even the toy snake didn't arouse him. We knew then that this was the end. We would have stayed with him all night; we would have stayed with him for months if there was anything we could do. There was absolutely nothing.

During the night death, as it must to all animals, came to Gargantua the Great. He was twenty-two years old, which is old for a gorilla in captivity, and he was his own worst enemy.

THE NEXT MORNING, the enormous monster was stretched out on the floor of his cage. Lifeless, he was I think one of the saddest sights I have ever seen. What made me doubly sad was that there was much that might have been done. He had died of bilateral lobar pneumonia, complicated by a kidney disorder and four completely rotted wisdom teeth.

I have had a theory about people and animals for a long time. I think the way they die is the result of what they are. Procrastinating people eventually die because they put off going to the doctor. Foolhrady people die usually because they have taken one chance too many.

Gargantua was so lost! He died because of his distrust and viciousness. He wouldn't let his friends help him.

There was nothing for us to do but stand by, powerless, at the death of Gargantua.

▲

Last Warpath

(*Continued from page 38*)

rushed troops to the Lava Beds from every possible post, until there were more than 1,000 soldiers in the camp. Before they could be sent into action, however, orders were received from Washington to try to settle the matter through a peace conference.

A commission was formed but almost all the members were men whom the Indians distrusted and disliked, and they re-

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By RICHARD JOHNS

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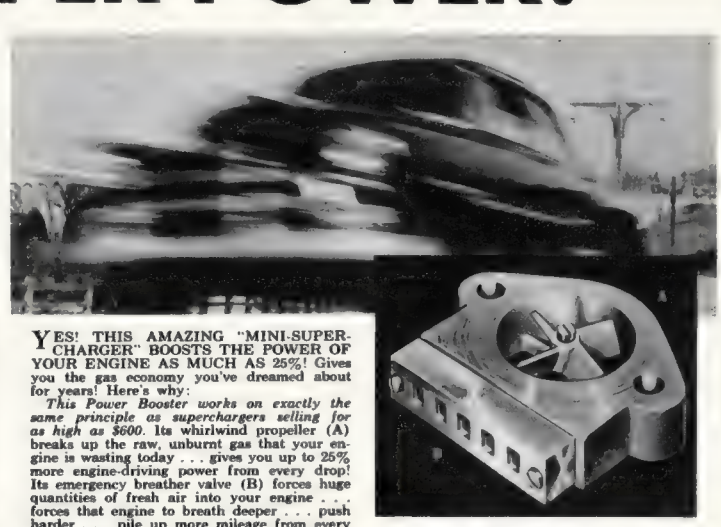

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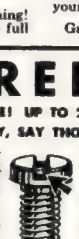

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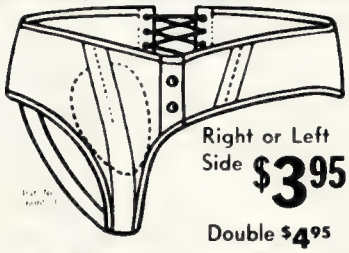

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fused to meet them. They had seen too much of the Americans' brand of justice to be drawn into what they feared might be a trap.

General E.R.S. Canby finally came down to the Army camp, and he decided to change the personnel of the commission. Five weeks were consumed in making these changes. In the meantime, Captain Jack was having a great deal of trouble with his warriors.

THE INDIAN CHIEF wanted peace. He knew that, while he could hold off any number of attackers, his ammunition would not last indefinitely. When it finally gave out, a large number of his people would be killed.

But the followers of Hooker Jim and Curley-Headed Doctor wanted to continue the battle. They knew from General Canby's shouted messages that they would be found guilty and hanged for the murders they had committed, even though the killings had taken place only after Captain Jackson had fired upon the Modocs.

"You are like an old squaw," Hooker Jim taunted Captain Jack. "You have never done any fighting yet; we have done the fighting and you are our chief. You are not fit to be a chief."

After much arguing, Scarface Charley came up and said defiantly, "I am going with Hooker Jim. I can fight with him. You are nothing but an old squaw."

Taking this as a cue, Hooker Jim snatched a shawl from a Modoc woman and threw it over Captain Jack's head. "You talk peace like a squaw," he said angrily. "Now you wear shawl and look like squaw. Braves say fight, squaws say peace."

Captain Jack had taken the final insult. He stood up and threw the humiliating shawl from him. With blazing eyes he turned and said, "I will show you that I am no squaw. You say you want war. We have war, and I will not be the one who asks for peace."

The following morning he sent word by two of his warriors, Boston Charley and Bogus Charley, that he would speak to General Canby at a peace conference. The whites were to come into the Lava Beds, unarmed, where the Indians would meet them.

Frank Riddle, an interpreter, warned the soldiers that the Indians planned to kill them. Meachan then proposed that they should go armed and add a frontiersman named John Fairchild to their party. But the Reverend Eleazer Thomas protested that this would be a breach of faith. "I will not be a party to deception under any circumstances," he said. "This matter is in the hands of God."

Boston Charley and Bogus Charley led the whites to the council site. Mr. Thomas opened the conference by stating that the whites wanted peace, but insisted that there could be no peace unless the Modocs returned to the Klamath Reservation.

"We will never return to that place," Captain Jack replied stonily. "There is nothing there for us except starvation. Give us a reservation on Lost River or on Willow Creek and Cottonwood and we will go there, but we will not go to the Klamath Reservation."

Meacham tapped the chief on the shoulder and said, "Jack, let us talk like men and not like children. You are a man that has common sense; isn't there any other place that will do you except Willow Creek and Cottonwood?"

A warrior named Schonchin John jumped to his feet and cried excitedly, "Take away the soldiers and give us Willow Creek, or stop talking!"

Just then four Indian warriors carrying guns charged toward the council. The whites turned, and one of them said, "What does this mean, Jack?"

Captain Jack drew his pistol, pointed it at General Canby, and shouted, *"At-we!"* (all ready). He pulled the trigger, but the gun did not fire. He cocked it again. This time the pistol fired, and the general fell back with a bullet under his eye.

Boston Charley and Bogus Charley killed Mr. Thomas. Schonchin John fired at Meacham from a distance of only a few feet, and missed. Meacham ran back, drawing a Derringer he had hidden in his clothes, and was knocked unconscious by another bullet. General Canby managed to stagger to his feet and start running toward the Army camp. A rifle shot brought him down again, and Captain Jack ran forward and stabbed him in the neck. Riddle was chased by Shacknasty Jim, but he managed to get away without serious injury. Toby Riddle, the interpreter's Indian wife, was the only one of the party not fired upon by the Modocs.

When the soldiers heard the shooting, they advanced into the Lava Beds on the double-quick. But, by the time they arrived at the parley site, the Indians had all slipped away.

General Canby and Mr. Thomas lay dead where they had fallen. Meacham had been wounded so seriously no one thought he would live. But he finally recovered.

The war against the Modocs now became a personal matter, and the soldiers vowed that they would have revenge for Captain Jack's treachery. They would not rest until every one of the redskins was dead.

General Gillem sent his troops back into the battle, and for three days they went through exactly the same type of fighting they had experienced earlier. They advanced painfully across the tortuous whorls and gullies, constantly losing men to Indian bullets while not even wounding an Indian themselves.

Then, abruptly, the Modocs changed their tactics. Captain Jack's warriors needed rest, and he had to withdraw. The whites finally entered the Modoc Caves on March 17th, two months after Wheaton's first attack. They were deserted.

The soldiers had no idea where the Indians had gone. It seemed as if the Lava Beds had opened up and swallowed them. Gillem broke his force into scouting groups which he sent out to look for the Modocs' trail.

Captain Evan Thomas was in charge of one of these parties consisting of six officers, 64 men and 13 Indian scouts. They never found the Modocs, but on March 26th the Modocs found them. Suddenly, as they stopped for lunch, a deadly volley of fire poured down at them from the lava ridges!

THE MEN became panic-stricken. They ignored commands from their officers

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and rushed for cover.

Reinforcements under Major Green finally arrived at the battle area late in the afternoon. Fighting continued throughout the night, and by morning the Indians had once again disappeared.

In that one battle, 23 officers and men were killed and 17 wounded — some so seriously that arms and legs had to be amputated. But the most amazing fact about the engagement was that there had been only 22 Modoc warriors fighting against the whites, and not one of them was even wounded!

The spirit of the troops was completely broken. Where only a few days earlier they had sworn to kill every Indian in the tribe, they were now sure that they could never win. It seemed that they were fighting an invisible enemy who never left a trail and was completely silent until he started shooting.

The situation was so desperate that General Jefferson C. Davis came in to take command. He spent weeks trying to rebuild the morale of his men before starting out again after the Modocs. Washington was demanding results, and Davis knew that no matter how great the losses, the Indians had to be punished and brought to terms.

THEN the soldiers had their first luck. On May 6th, two friendly squaws were sent into the Lava Beds, and two days later they returned with the news that Captain Jack had decided to go into open country. His supply situation had become critical, and the only way to obtain food for the tribe was to hunt or raid.

Five days later another violent argument flared in the Indian camp. Hooker Jim deserted with 13 warriors and 62 women and children. This left Captain Jack with 30 warriors and 52 women and children.

Major H. C. Habrouck picked up Hooker Jim's trail a short time later and overtook him on May 21st after a forced march of some 50 miles. Several Indians were killed in the running battle which ensued, and the others scattered into the hills. Most of these came in the next morning and surrendered.

BUT CAPTAIN JACK was still free. Hooker Jim and his followers — who had prevented their chief from making peace with General Canby and were really responsible for the murders of the settlers — suggested that they be allowed to try to talk their former leader into giving up the fight. Major Hasbrouck issued Springfield rifles and supplies to four of the Indians and went with them on their search for Captain Jack's band. They finally located the camp on May 28th on the bank of Willow Creek.

"You cannot beat the soldiers, Krientpoos," Hooker Jim said. "They are as many as sands in the desert, and you are as few as leaves on the trees in winter. Give yourself up to them."

Captain Jack looked at them with scorn. These were the men who had once thrown a shawl over his head and called him a squaw, the ones who had made him continue fighting and perform an act of treachery as black as that of Ben Wright's.

"You are cowards," he said resolutely. "You pushed me into this war, and now you want me to surrender. I told you once I would never surrender, and now I tell you again. I will die with my gun in my hand."

But Hooker Jim still wanted to save his own life. And the following day, he led the soldiers to Captain Jack's hiding place.

Major Hasbrouck gave the order to attack. However, even with this surprise attack, they did not capture Captain Jack. Seven squaws and one warrior fell into the troopers' hands, but the remainder of the tribe escaped.

The next morning, the soldiers followed the Indian trail over hills and valleys, through canyons and across beds of sharp volcanic rock. The soldiers were weary — but the Indians were even wearier. At one bluff, five warriors held up their hands in surrender. The following day 12 other warriors gave themselves up. Captain Jack, with three braves and several squaws, fled into the hills; nine other Modocs scattered in different directions.

FINALLY, the next day, Major Hasbrouck's cavalry surrounded the Indian chief's small party. Captain Jack came forward. "My legs are too weary," he said sadly.

The trial opened on July 5th and ran until the 9th. Captain Jack and five of his warriors were charged with the murder of General Canby and the Reverend Eleazer Thomas. Hooker Jim and his followers were promised their freedom for testifying for the court.

The Indians could not offer any defense. But during the trial Captain Jack said:

"I have always lived like a white man and wanted to live so. I have always tried to live peacefully and never asked any man for anything. I have always lived on what I could kill and shoot with my gun and catch in my trap. Riddle knows that I have always lived like a man and have never gone begging; that what I have got I have always got with my own hands, honestly. He has always given me good advice, and told me to live like a white man; and I have always tried to do it, and did do it, until this war started."

But that was all — there was nothing more to say. And what had been said was not enough. Captain Jack and three of his braves were found guilty and sentenced to die by hanging, while the others were given life imprisonment on Alcatraz Island.

At ten o'clock on the morning of October 3, 1873 — almost 11 months after the first shot had been fired in the Modoc War — Krientpoos, better known as Captain Jack, mounted the scaffold at Fort Klamath. When he was asked if he had anything to say, he shook his head.

"I am ready to go to the Great Father," he whispered.

The Modoc War was ended, but the whites had paid dearly. An official tabulation showed that the campaign had cost 87 officers and men killed and 83 wounded. The Modocs lost eight warriors and an unlisted number of women and children.

The United States had spent $431,000 to defeat the Indians, while the land they wanted as a new reservation would have cost no more than $10,000.

The soldiers had their victory. But it was one of the costliest and most bitter victories in the history of the West. ▲

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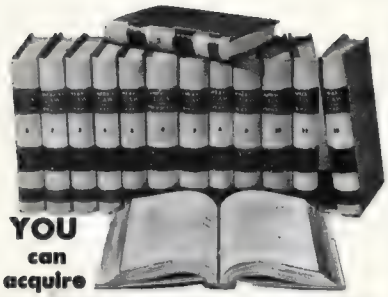

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Robert Ruark

(*Continued from page 39*)

valuable limbs, who were trying to charge out of the maelstrom.

The next day the Battle of the Locker Room got more space than the Tiger-Washington game. And it sent the circulation of the *News* rocketing, as fans lined up at newsstands to find out what Battling Ruark would write next about his feud with Newsom.

In New York, Roy Howard, the pint-sized dynamic boss of the Scripps-Howard chain (owners of the *News*) did not let this last fact go unnoticed. He had long been looking for a smart young columnist to stir up controversies that would sell more Scripps-Howard papers. After hearing of Ruark's match with Newson, he figured he had found his man.

Howard promoted Ruark to writing a column for the Scripps-Howard papers. But Ruark had hardly got his typewriter warm when war came. He was given a Navy commission and served overseas as a gunnery officer and press censor.

Back home in 1946, he returned to Scripps-Howard. He was told by Howard to pick up his column again and be sure to make people mad. He promptly wrote that American women are not the men-pleasers that European women are, and received a flood of angry mail. His biting, witty column soon was earning him $50,000 a year; he wrote three books and they were all best sellers. By 1954 he had made enough money to retire from columning, globe-trot and write serious novels — his latest, "Something of Value," is now a best-seller.

Yes, it's a happy, relaxed way of living that Robert Ruark now enjoys, but it was made possible mainly because he got Bobo Newsom mad enough to sock him on the jaw.

— John Devaney

Lifeboat to Hell

(*Continued from page 21*)

The old man counted the hands. Sixteen were up, only one was down — the Chink cook's and he didn't understand what Old Mac was talking about anyway. So, when we sailed the next night, Mrs. Reginald Barker, Master Reginald Barker and Miss Esme Barker were on board in two cabins we had fitted out for them.

Old Mac headed due west until we were beyond the Cape Verde Islands. He knew the U-Boats were watching the sea lanes that run between the islands and the African mainland and he was playing safe. Better, he said, to take an extra ten days to get home than to be in a hurry and wind up shark's lunch.

Our troubles started shortly after we turned north. The old boiler had been leaky all along and our engineer, Paddy O'Riordan, had patched it up from time to time. Now the thing completely conked out.

While Paddy struggled with the boiler, we kept an alert day and night for Nazi subs — although there was little we could do if one turned up except pepper him with our light guns. It happened suddenly, the next night shortly after 11 o'clock.

I had just turned in from four hours' duty on deck and was busy removing my gunbelt with the .38 revolver. The *Pelican* literally exploded under me. I was flung against the bunk. I thought my back was broken. For a few seconds I lay stunned, then I picked myself up and grabbed my lifebelt and gun. I stepped out of the cabin just as a second explosion rocked the ship.

SHE BEGAN to list. Within two or three seconds I was trying to move along the narrow passage at an angle of 40 degrees I got to the steep iron steps to the deck which was increasing every second. When I reached up, gripped the top of the deck and dragged myself up. The list was about 48 degrees by now. The deck was inky dark and amazingly silent except for the splurging of the water.

I adjusted my lifebelt, strapped my gunbelt tighter. I wasn't letting go of my revolver; if the Nazis found me I might be able to get at least one of them. I had five cartridges in it.

Suddenly a brilliant ray of light pierced the darkness as someone turned a flashlight on us. In a moment Mrs. Barker and her kids had slid across the deck to us. All wore their lifebelts and the boy held a flashlight in his hand.

"What do we do, Mister Powell?" she asked.

"I'm not the Master of the ship," I retorted, "but if I were you I'd get the hell over the side into the water. There's a lifeboat down there somewhere. Jump, but don't go head first. You might hit it."

I climbed on the rail and jumped far out, expecting a long drop to the water. But I hit the water almost as soon as I jumped. The ray of light from the kid's flashlight swept the water. The damn fools were trying to locate the lifeboat before they jumped!

The light passed over me in an arc and by luck I spotted the lifeboat about 16 feet away. I swam to it and clambered in. The water was unusually warm but now that I was out of it, I felt cold with the wet clothes clinging to my body. I didn't waste time removing the clothes but grabbed the oars and rowed in a circle so that I was directly opposite the slanting deckk where the woman and her kids had been standing.

"AHOY! Ahoy there!" I shouted. "Jump and swim straight over."

A few seconds later I leaned over and pulled the little girl aboard, then the boy and the woman. Behind her came Baldy and as he clambered into the lifeboat, someone else came splashing through the water and gripped the lifeboat's gunwale. It was Dougald Murdoch, a Scot from Glasgow.

Dawn found us somewhere in the South Atlantic. Possibly we were within two or three hundred miles of the African coast. We were without food or water — six of us: Mrs. Barker and her two children, Baldy, Murdoch and myself. Of the six, I was perhaps the hardiest because I had survived a similar experience and had walked nearly 300 miles across the African

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By WALTER ALSTON

Let me start this way. I own a 1952 Chevie. I'm the original owner. I've driven the car some 27,000 miles. Until six months ago, this car was no better or worse than any other automobile on the highway.

Until six months ago, I'd been getting 16 miles a gallon from my car on the open road. Today, I get 29 miles a gallon. Six months ago it took me 20 seconds to accelerate from zero to 60 miles an hour. Today, I make it in 15 seconds flat. I leave other Chevies a half-block behind at the lights. And they wouldn't believe it if I told them that I'm using less gas than they are!

Now, I'm no mechanic. Until six months ago, I never really touched the engine of my car. I bought no expensive tools. I made no major mechanical changes, because I **couldn't** make them. I didn't spend one red penny for "gimmicks" or "gas savers" of any kind. The only difference between my car today—and the performance that you can get out of your car one day or one week or one month from now—lies in a few simple, scientific facts. I learned these facts from some of the country's top automotive engineers. I'd like to give them to you — right now!

This Is What Automotive Engineers Discovered About Your Car!

1. These engineers learned that the average driver probably WASTES 2 to 2½ gallons of gas out of every 10 — simply because no one has ever taught him the few professional secrets of smart driving! That he doesn't know how to avoid second gear—and save **40% of the gasoline he now uses,** every time he touches his shift. That he doesn't know how to beat stop-and-go driving and save **75% of the gasoline he now uses,** every time he pulls away from a light. That he does not know the right way to warm up his engine—and **save 90% to 95% of the gasoline he now uses,** every time he pulls away from his garage. And that if he could learn these few simple tricks, then he could increase his mileage by 3-5-7 miles a gallon **immediately**—without touching a single tool —without lifting up his hood.

2. These experts learned than an additional 2 to 3 gallons out of every ten are **wasted** in the engine of your car. That not one drop of that gasoline goes to move your wheels an inch. That this wasted gasoline is burned up to beat the unnecessary friction in your engine . . . that it leaks out of the cracks and holes in your engine . . . that it's never exploded— **that its power goes out the exhaust instead of the wheels.** These men discovered that if you could find a lubricant that reduced that friction . . . if you could find a sealer, that trapped that power . . . if you could find a compressor that increased that explosion—then you would automatically save that wasted gasoline—you would increase that mileage by an additional 3 to 7 miles a gallon—and you would end up with as much as 8-10 and 12 and even 14 extra miles a gallon.

3. And at the same time—because you were getting more punch from your engine—you would automatically get faster pick-up . . . greater acceleration . . . more jump every time you touched a pedal. You would help prevent major repairs — because you could stop minor disturbances before they could grow. And you would be able to drive an automobile that gives you new-car power . . . new-car economy . . . new-car dependability for as much as 75,000 to 90,000 miles!

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NOTE: The information listed below is obtainable at your public library or through the publishers listed. These pamphlets should be read by every American driver.

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by Roger W. Reiss. Published by the Reader's Digest, July, 1941

ON GAS MILEAGE!
150 MILES A GALLON IS POSSIBLE,
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INCREASED FUEL ECONOMY,
by Plymouth Division, Chrysler Corporation

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United States Bureau of Standards, Bulletin #6

CHANGE YOUR OIL, MISTER,
by Jack Harrison Pollock, True Magazine, June, 1952

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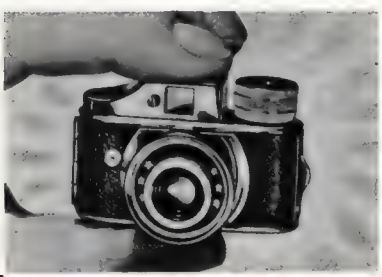

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desert after landing on Skeleton Coast.

I felt hungry and a little thirsty. I leaned over and licked the dew from the gunwale. The others saw me do this and followed suit. Our first day adrift passed with the terrible slowness only those who have been adrift on the ocean can understand. All eyes swept the horizon, watching for a ship.

In the late afternoon the next day Baldy, whose real name was Alfred Baldy, began to angle for something over the side of the boat. He was using a length of cord with a bent safety-pin at the end. By a wild bit of luck he came up with a small shark which he gutted with his knife. The fleshy part was divided into six equal parts and handed around, but Mrs. Barker and her children refused their shares. I told them they should eat it – God knew when next they'd get anything. Still they refused, so Baldy and Murdoch ate their share.

"What are our chances of being picked up, Mister Powell?" Mrs. Barker asked me as the night began to fall.

I looked at the kids, then at her and shrugged. "I don't think there's much hope in this part of the ocean," I said truthfully. "There's a chance of some ship going off-track, but according to my calculations we're at least 250 miles off the African coast and well over 100 miles from the nearest sealane."

She sat back against the gunwale, her daughter against her knee. She wasn't bad to look at: slim, tall, with brown hair, keen grey eyes, and full, sensuous lips. I knew nothing about her except that she was English and homeward bound.

From the start Murdoch had tried to make up to her. I watched him making eyes at her, studying her figure, then looking up into her eyes and smiling speculatively. Trouble. I sensed it before we were adrift 24 hours. Especially when he moved over to sit next to her.

"Hell of a fix we're in, Ann," he said, looking straight into her eyes. "No tomorrows for us."

I wondered how he knew her name was Ann. She wasn't the kind to take to a man like Murdock. She wasn't his type at all.

Murdoch was a huge man, a six-footer who weighed over 200, shaggy-haired, square-jawed. He could have squashed her trim body with one of his gorilla-like paws.

"I wish you'd go away!" Mrs. Barker snapped angrily. "I don't know you, and have no wish to. You are frightening my child."

Murdoch suddenly took her wrist and jerked her close against him. "We're alone out here and there ain't no two ways about it. We gotta die. We ain't going to live —"

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the boy leap at the man and start pounding him with his fists. With a sweep of his left hand Murdoch lifted the child bodily and threw him into the sea.

The woman screamed and tried to rise. I leaped up and shoved an oar to the boy, who was now on the surface and trying to swim to the drifting lifeboat. "Grab an oar, Baldy!" I shouted. "Get the kid!"

"Go to hell!" Baldy shouted back. "I'm too hungry to move."

The gap between the boat and the boy was rapidly widening as I stripped off my lifebelt and flung it to him.

It hit the water a foot away from him, but almost at the same moment something grabbed the boy and jerked him below the surface. I stood watching the spot where he had disappeared. The surface was almost a dead calm as the ripples vanished.

Mrs. Barker was weeping bitterly and Murdoch was still trying to put his arm around her. She pushed him away but he kept coming back at her, pawing at her clothes.

I drew my revolver. "Leave the woman alone and get up there to Baldy," I snapped. "You will be charged with murder when we are picked up."

He stood for one more second, then turned and took two steps and sat down next to Baldy, his eyes still venomously on mine. I knew that this was the end. From now on I was finished. I could not sleep. I could not take my eyes from them. Baldy had a knife and he was an accurate thrower. I had seen him throw a knife at a target and hit a pinpoint at 30 yards.

Murdoch was talking to him in a low whisper with occasional glances at me and the woman and girl. Mrs. Barker's eyes were still on the sea where her son had disappeared. She was sobbing bitterly, agonizingly. Once she turned her reddened eyes to me and looked into my face. Her lips moved but I couldn't hear or gather what she was trying to say, then her eyes were on the water again.

AS NIGHT began to fall I saw the two men whispering together again and I guessed it would be tonight.

I sat down next to Mrs. Barker. She looked searchingly into my eyes. "I am going to whisper," I said. "Come closer."

She moved up against me. "We have to be on our guard tonight," I whispered. "Are you fit enough to help me?" She nodded. "You go to sleep and I'll guard. When I'm tired, I'll call you and give you the gun. If either of those men make one more to come toward us, shoot. Don't hesitate, *shoot!*"

She nodded grimly, her eyes on Murdoch and I saw the hatred flaming in her tired eyes. I knew she would shoot.

The hunger gnawing at my stomach had subsided into a dull pain and the thirst was dead. The one affected the worst was the girl, who was lying listlessly back in the bottom of the boat now, her eyes staring into the darkening sky. Baldy's eyes were on the child.

I wondered what was going through his mind. I guess I knew all along what he was waiting for – a chance to murder us so that he and Murdock could survive. *They would eat our flesh!*

I gave Mrs. Barker the gun and settled down with my head against the gunwale. She sat down next to me. I had my eyes fixed on the two men as I closed my eyes.

I was awakened by an explosion almost in my ear. Murdoch was standing erect in the center of the boat, swaying from side to side, the front of his torn shirt swiftly growing red with the blood that gushed from his stomach.

For a moment he stood, then he took a step forward, his eyes fixed on the woman. Then he took another step. I snatched the gun from the woman's hand and levelled

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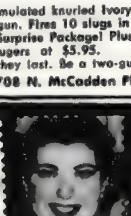

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it at his chest.

"Stop!" I screamed hoarsely. But he came, this time taking a long stride which brought him within four feet of me. As his long arms came up and his hands reached for me, I fired into his face. The bullet struck him on the bridge of the nose, but the giant still stood although his brains spattered out the back of his head.

Then he fell forward. I stepped aside and let him drop across the seat. Then I motioned Baldy. "Come on, come here and tip him overboard."

BALDY HESITATED, right hand gripping the knife, eyes on the revolver.

"Drop the knife overboard," I said. Again he hesitated, then slowly raised the knife and dropped it over the side. Then he moved forward and rolled the dead man to the gunwale and pushed him over into the sea. "Get back up there now and stay there," I ordered.

As Baldy sat down, a gust of wind swept over the ocean. I looked up and saw swiftly-gathering clouds. I didn't like this. The lifeboat was already leaking — a storm would finish it off. But we all were more dead than alive and perhaps Murdoch was the lucky one.

Mrs. Barker was sitting back with the half-conscious child in her arms, crooning to the girl. I was leaning back, resting, my eyes half closed but still on Baldy.

As the velocity of the wind grew, the lifeboat's speed increased until it seemed that we were scudding over the water. The waves started growing in size, taking us to a crest one moment and dropping us violently into the trough the next. The rain came a minute or two later, pelting rain lashed by the gale that was now howling across the ocean.

I held out the little tin bailer and watched it fill, then gave it to the woman. She held it to the child's lips. I was sitting with my mouth open, held upwards, catching raindrops and Baldy was doing the same. The bottom of the boat was beginning to fill.

When there was a foot of water in the boat, I began to bail. After half an hour, I gave the tin to Baldy to bail. We had forgotten our animosity for the moment. When the storm finally blew itself out, I was so dog-tired that I lay down on a seat aft and promptly fell asleep. I didn't care any more whether Baldy killed me or not.

The next morning a large albatross settled on the boat. The bird seemed quite indifferent to our presence as I drew the revolver. As the gun barked the bird gave a frightened squawk but before it could even topple over, Baldy had grabbed it by the legs.

We plucked it clean and tore it to pieces, then divided the pieces equally. This time Mrs. Barker did not argue, she ate. She chewed bits for her daughter and fed the child. Gorged with the raw meat, we rested as the day dragged on.

The rest of that drift to hell remains a hazy memory with me, with lucid patches here and there. We caught two more birds and somehow kept alive. The water in the boat was stinking already but we drank it. One afternoon, when we had had nothing to eat for three full days, my eyes focussed on Baldy who was lying in the back of the boat, half propped against the gunwale.

His eyes were on the little girl who, by some miracle, was still alive. I knew what he was planning. He was going to murder and survive when he was alone. I remember saying to myself: *"He won't kill the child. I'll kill him first."* But I had to stay awake. No use asking Mrs. Barker to stay awake. She was too far gone.

Night came down swiftly. I was trying desperately to keep awake when I saw the black hulk of Baldy coming from the forepart of the boat. I tried to raise myself, to fight him though I had no strength — and in that instant I heard a crashing of waves. I saw Baldy stop dead, listening.

"Land!" I shouted.

"Land!" Baldy echoed the word.

Together we listened. The surf was growing louder until it became a continuous roar in our ears.

I awoke Mrs. Barker after a struggle. "Land! Land!" I screamed in her ears. Then I toppled over as the boat hit something, scraped along and hit ground hard.

As the dawn broke grey and cold we began to see the rocks rising from the sea around us. The lifeboat had been carried by the current into a narrow channel and despited on rocks close to a rockbound shore, with only a few feet of water between us and the land where the rocky beach rose steeply to a plateau. There was no sign of human life, but there were plenty of sea birds around — and sea birds meant fresh water and eggs and meat.

When we were strong enough we investigated and found a cache of stores left there many years before for shipwrecked whalers. We still had no idea of where we were until we found a metal plate which had been attached to the parcel — we were on Gough Island, a small volcanic isle in the South Atlantic.

When a British gunboat found us there five weeks later, we were none the worse for wear. Even the little girl, who had shriveled to a skeleton on the lifeboat, thrived on our island diet of eggs, meat, and whalers' stores.

We said nothing about Murdoch. Nobody wanted to get involved in a court of inquiry, so we let it be assumed that he had drowned with the rest of the crew. The last I saw of the Barkers, they were disembarking at Southampton. . . .

THE LAST I saw of them, that is, until that spring afternoon a few months ago, when the young lady stopped me on a London street, asking, "Remember the *Pelican*? Remember the lifeboat?"

I stared at her numbly.

"I'm Esme Barker," the girl said. "My mother's meeting me in that restaurant over there. Won't you join us for a cup of tea?" ▲

PHOTO CREDITS
The black-and-white photographs in this issue are from the following sources: Page 4: INP, PIP (Atlantic Press), Bertrand Flornoy; Pages 13-14-15: UP, U. S. Navy, Wide World; Pages 16-17-18-19: PIP (Atlantic Press); Pages 20-21: INP, Bill Wharton; Pages 22-23: Black Star (Carroll Seghers II); Pages 24-25-26: Bertrand Flornoy; Pages 27-28-29: Wide World, INP; Pages 30-31-32: Harry E. Riesenberg Page 33: Photo Representatives (Fred Rieder); Pages 36-37-38: National Archives; Pages 39: UP; Pages 40-41: Wide World; Pages 42-43: Wide World; Pages 44-45-46: INP, Wide World, Dick Miller.

DISCOVERED! NEW SURE-FIRE WAY TO CATCH MORE FISH!

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS REVEAL FOOL-PROOF FORMULA FOR LURING FISH TO YOUR BAIT THROUGH SMELL AND TASTE SENSATIONS! PHENOMENAL RESULTS DISCLOSED BY FISHERMEN!

Now! At last! A fisherman's dream come true. From the magic halls of science comes the wondrous, new discovery CK69 . . . the fool-proof, miracle formula for drawing fish to your bait. Whether you're a novice or an "old-vet" . . . fly caster or deep sea fisherman . . . whether your quarry is the brilliant golden trout, the cocky bass, or anything up to the giant tuna or swordfish . . . experiments definitely prove that miracle-formula CK69 will help you catch more fish and help you land the beauties to brag about regardless of weather, bait, tackle, fresh water or salt water. Read this amazing article . . . it may change your whole fishing future.

HOW STARTLING SCIENTIFIC FACTS WERE DISCOVERED . . .

Experiment 1: Several healthy rainbow trout were temporarily blinded and placed in a large tank. A quantity of flies, gnats, worms, etc. were scattered in the water. The hungry fish groped about, vainly trying to locate the bait. Several insects were then treated with FISH-NIP (miracle formula CK69) and placed in the water. Even before they sank to the bottom, the fish had located and completely devoured them.

Experiment 2: Several mesh bags containing assorted fish foods were suspended in the water. In one of these bags, the food had been treated with FISH-NIP (miracle formula CK69). The untreated bait was completely ignored. The bait treated with FISH-NIP was attacked repeatedly, torn open and the contents devoured.

It was now clear and conclusive . . . fish have poor eyesight . . . many are probably almost blind. Fish are therefore dependent upon their senses of smell and taste for their food supply and consequently for their very survival. No matter how attractive the bait . . . it must excite both senses—**smell and taste**—to be effective.

FISH-NIP DEVELOPED . . .

The experimenters reasoned further. They knew that for years, professional fishermen had been adding "smells" to live bait. The experiments however, indicated that appealing to smell alone was not enough . . . the lure must also arouse the sense of taste to attract the fish. Another important factor to be considered was the cannibalistic tendencies of many fish. The research men were aware of the fact that larger fish prey upon smaller fish . . . and that fish will even attack wounded members of their own species and cut, slash and chop until the sea runs red with blood in a trail outlined by scattered fragments of a torn body. The ideal lure, therefore, must be a single formula of just the right ingredients to incite the fish-lust for prey through the senses of smell and taste. After months of painstaking tests, of every conceivable combination of ingredients, in all types of waters, under every possible condition, the charted results were compared. The graph of miracle-formula CK69 was astounding. It proved to be over 100 times more potent than any of the other formulas tested . . . so powerful in fact that one small dab was sufficient to attract fish from far beyond the range of vision. This amazing formula is now available to the public under the commercial name "FISH-NIP."

MAKE THIS CONVINCING 30 SECOND TEST!

Take an ordinary large glass bowl or fish tank. Add any kind of fish. Drop in several hooks with standard bait. Now add amazing FISH-NIP (CK69) miracle formula to only one of the suspended baits. Like magic . . . right before your eyes . . . you will see an incredible, almost unbelievable reaction. As though mesmerized, the fish are attracted to the bait treated with FISH-NIP. For complete details and how it can increase your fishing success read below.

FISHERMEN RAVE ABOUT FISH-NIP . . .

C.S., L. A., Calif., writes:—"I was amazed at the results FISH-NIP brought. I caught 4 beautiful 8" rainbows in a 'fished-out' stream."

S.Z., Beverly Hills, Calif. writes:—"FISH-NIP is sensational. I was the only man on the boat who made a catch . . . 5 beautiful barracuda".

A.M.L., B'klyn., N.Y., writes:—"I still can't believe it. I caught a string of small mouthed bass right from shore. Bless FISH-NIP."

USE THE SAME OLD TACKLE, BAIT AND DRY LURES . . .

FISH-NIP requires no special equipment or technique. Fish the way you've always fished. Use the same equipment you've always used. Merely add a tiny dab of FISH-NIP to your bait . . . then watch the fantastic reaction. In a matter of seconds, FISH-NIP is at work, discharging its strong, beckoning, irresistable "call" through surrounding waters . . . far beyond the limits of a fish's vision . . . powerful enough to last for hours. See for yourself how "fished-out" haunts suddenly become alive again, experience the thrill of routing old lunkers from previously inaccessible hiding places. But above all, remember this . . . no matter what you're fishing for . . . trout, sunfish, pickerel, perch, bass, snappers, carp, pike, etc. . . . FISH-NIP must help you or your money back.

SPECIAL! FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Now! You can try FISH-NIP with absolutely no risk. Try it on your next fishing trip . . . compare your catch with your friends and watch their eyes bulge. FISH-NIP must help you catch more fish . . . FISH-NIP must help you catch bigger fish . . . and you must be completely satisfied in every way or your money back—no questions asked. ACT NOW! Mail the coupon below together with $1.98 to FISH-NIP, 6164 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif. and your tube of FISH-NIP miracle-formula (enough to treat hundreds of live or dry baits) will be RUSHED to you by return mail.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

FISH-NIP Dept. CH-9
6164 Santa Monica Blvd.
Hollywood 38, California

Please RUSH my tube of FISH-NIP Miracle Formula. I enclose $1.98 in full payment.

Check ☐ **Cash** ☐ **Money Order** ☐

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

REVOLUTIONARY NEW SELF-CONTAINED, COMPLETE SPRAY KIT MAKES PAINTING EASY!

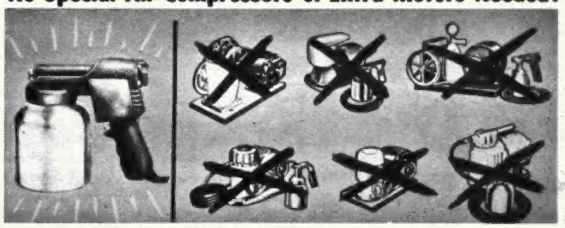
Now Spray Anything In Minutes With Amazing New *Super Jet!*

Nothing To Do But Pull The Trigger! Astonishing New Principle Requires *No* Air Compressor, *No* CO_2 Cartridges, *No* Tank! *Nothing Extra To Buy!*

Simply plug Super Jet into any 110 Volt A.C. electrical outlet and start spraying! The *patented* precision pumping mechanism allows you to spray from *open* or *closed* containers; spray paints, enamels, varnishes, shellacs, lacquers, water, oil, insecticides, fungicides, even water soluble fertilizers! And amazing Super Jet operates as well on a thimbleful or a barrelful of spraying liquid!

All metal Super Jet contains NO BREAKABLE PLASTIC OR GLASS parts! Lightweight and rugged, it sprays as well as professional equipment costing up to *3 times* as much! Unlike cumbersome professional equipment or impractical toy-like spray guns, you can use Super Jet every time you have *anything* to paint or spray. It's so simple to use, so easy to clean. Super Jet pays for itself!

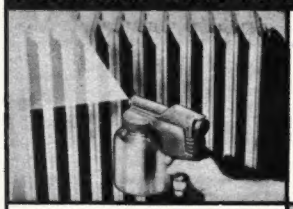
No Special Air Compressors or Extra Motors Needed!



No Spraying Experience Needed To Operate Easy-To-Use SUPER JET!

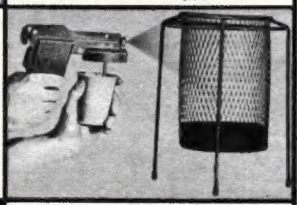
Independent laboratory tests *plus* consumer testimonials show that *Super Jet* is the most versatile spray unit on the market! Super Jet is so rugged, so efficient and economical to use that Army, Navy and Air Corps used them. Thousands in use today in homes and industry. Simple to operate, non-clogging and easy to clean, amazing new Super Jet Spray Kit saves time, work, money!

3 DIFFERENT WAYS TO SPRAY WITH SUPER JET!



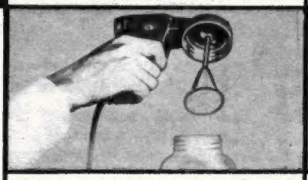
AVERAGE JOBS — Aluminum jar holds enough material for average paint jobs . . . chairs, tables, shelves, refrigerators, radiators, storm windows, screens, metal furniture, etc. Also perfect for spraying insecticides, liquid fertilizers, removing wall paper, lubricating tools and machinery, etc.

SMALL JOBS — Spray direct from container! Excellent for small spray jobs; painting garden tools, toys, metal grill work, flower pots, lamps, and hobby projects. Also permits spraying deodorizers or disinfectants right from bottle! This feature saves money too. Sprays last drop of paint or spray material!



LARGE JOBS—Super Jet's revolutionary principle permits *continuous* spraying direct from large containers of spray material. Special "long-distance" tubing eliminates refilling. No expensive tanks or compressors to buy! Spray walls, floors, ceilings, gardens, lawns, etc.

AUTOMATIC FILTER!



NO MORE STRAINING!—Super Jet comes equipped with an ingenious, fine screen, metal filter that *automatically strains* paint and spray materials. Dirt, pigments, lumps, paint skin, etc. are automatically filtered out and prevented from clogging the gun!

SELF-CLEANING!

NOTHING TO TAKE APART TO CLEAN!—Super Jet cleans itself. Simply spray solvent through the gun for 20 seconds and Super Jet is clean and ready for another job . . . for a different spray material . . . or for storage! No work! No time wasted!

FREE! Mail Coupon TODAY and get *Free* 5-piece pocket Screw Driver Set.

EXTRA BONUS! Send $29.95 in full payment of your SUPER JET SPRAY KIT and receive as extra bonus tool kit pictured! Tempered steel 6 inch wrench, 7 inch pliers, screw driver blades and chuck, complete with carrying case. Not a toy!

A COMPLETE SPRAY KIT! Only $29.95

- NEW SUPER JET SPRAY GUN
- POLISHED ALUMINUM JAR
- AUTOMATIC PAINT STRAINER
- 15 FT. DISTANCE TUBING
- 23 FT. NEOPRENE CORD SET
- SPARE PARTS
- WALL CHART & INSTRUCTIONS
- STEEL CARRYING CASE.

PLUS Your Name in 23 KARAT GOLD written on Super Jet Carrying Case

FULLY GUARANTEED! 10 Day Free Trial *plus* **90 Day Guarantee Against Mechanical Defects.**

POWER PRODUCTS, INC., 175 E. 87th St., N. Y. C.

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

POWER PRODUCTS, INC.
Super Jet Division 8-X
175 E. 87 St., New York 28, N. Y.

Please send amazing new SUPER JET SPRAY KIT. I must be completely satisfied or I may return within 10 days for full refund. I am using payment plan checked below.

☐ Enclosed is $29.95 in FULL PAYMENT including postage. Be sure to send my FREE GIFT plus EXTRA BONUS for full payment.

☐ SIMPLIFIED BUDGET PLAN. Enclosed is $3.00. I will pay balance of $26.95 at $1.00 per week plus postage and small credit service charge. (No credit charge if paid within 60 days.) Be sure to send my FREE GIFT!

YOUR NAME will be written in *23 Karat Gold* on your kit. *Please Print Carefully.*

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

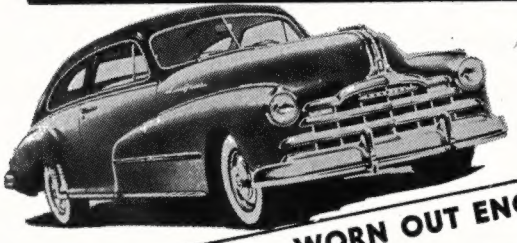
CAR LOST ITS PEP? BURNING OIL?

Amazing new method has restored car performance in minutes.

No mechanic needed—you pay nothing for gadgets or mechanical repairs.

Cars over 3 years old that have gone over 25-30,000 miles are not what they used to be. Your car probably uses too much oil, lacks power, is hard to start, is slow on pickup, uses too much gasoline. You've probably already guessed that the pistons just don't fit the cylinders like they used to—friction has worn a gap between the cylinder walls and pistons that the rings can no longer fully seal. When that happens your engine is leaking. You are losing compression and power each time a cylinder fires. Gas is leaking into the crankcase oil to undermine its lubricating powers, oil is passing up into the cylinders to be wastefully burned into performance killing carbon deposits.

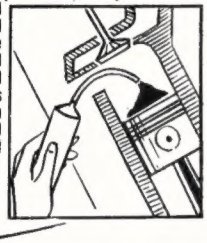
Formerly $4.45 NOW ONLY **$2.98** **Regular Size**



SAVE UP TO $150

Now, if this is the situation you are in for an overhaul job costing somewhere between $50 and $150 UNLESS—

Yes, there is an alternative. That leaky engine may be fixed in a few minutes without taking the engine apart, without buying a single part or gadget, and at a cost so low you'll hardly notice it. You just squeeze a little PEPGO Ring Seal into each cylinder through the spark plug openings, replace the plugs and idle the engine and you are finished. What happens has led motor experts to describe PEPGO as "Exceeding our highest expectations" and "tremendously" effective. PEPGO coats the cylinder walls, pistons, and piston rings with a unique mineral suspension which has this truly amazing power. When subjected to the high heat of the engine this mineral expands up to 30 times its original volume to fill those gaps between the rings and cylinder walls with a pliable resilient and lubricating seal that holds compression, stops oil pumping, and gas blowing. Compression is increased and with it comes more pep and power, easier starting, better mileage and lower oil consumption.



WORN OUT ENGINES RUN LIKE NEW

TEST #1

A 1945 "Dodge" 6 cylinder truck had been driven over 100,000 miles without overhaul and was using over a quart of oil every 100 miles. Rated compression of engine when new was 110 lbs.

After one PEPGO RING SEAL treatment average cylinder compression now was raised over 40% from 76 to 107 lbs. Oil consumption was greatly reduced and gasoline mileage increased.

Compression Readings—1945 Dodge Truck

	Cylinder 1	Cylinder 2	Cylinder 3	Cylinder 4	Cylinder 5	Cylinder 6
Before	87 lbs.	75 lbs.	75 lbs.	60 lbs.	75 lbs.	85 lbs.
After	100 lbs.	110 lbs.	115 lbs.	95 lbs.	105 lbs.	118 lbs.

TEST #2

Engine Compression Completely Restored in 1948 Pontiac

A 1948 Pontiac "8" had been driven over 77,000 miles without an engine overhaul and was consuming a quart of oil every 200 to 300 miles. Rated compression for this engine when new was 120 lbs.

After one PEPGO RING SEAL Treatment average cylinder compression was increased from 107 lbs. to 120 lbs. or equal to factory standards when new. The car now exhibited exceptional pep and pick up, even on the mountains of Vermont and upstate New York. Oil consumption was more than cut in half. Gasoline mileage was increased more than 20%.

Compression Readings—1948 Pontiac

	Cylinder 1	Cylinder 2	Cylinder 3	Cylinder 4	Cylinder 5	Cylinder 6	Cylinder 7	Cylinder 8
Before	105 lbs.	95 lbs.	107 lbs.	120 lbs.	110 lbs.	115 lbs.	95 lbs.	123 lbs.
After	125 lbs.	120 lbs.	120 lbs.	125 lbs.	122 lbs.	120 lbs.	115 lbs.	116 lbs.

NOW ONLY 2.98

GET UP TO 50% MORE POWER

No labor cost—nothing else to buy

This is the testimony of the experts. Now read what just a few of the many, many satisfied users have said.

"PEPGO RING SEAL WORTH MANY TIMES THE PRICE."

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am with the results Pepgo Ring Seal has given in my 1947 Cadillac Previous to treatment my car used one quart of oil every 250 miles Now the car uses less than a quart of oil every thousand miles I have also noticed a real increase in power and gas mileage since the treatment I have now driven over 3000 miles since the Pepgo Ring Seal application and continue to get the same good results. Apart from the savings in oil and gas I found Pepgo Ring Seal worth many times the price because it restored the original power of my car. Please send me two new tubes of Pepgo Ring Seal for use in my 1950 Oldsmobile." C.S.R., Chestnut Hill Pa.

"PEPGO RING SEAL HAS SAVED ME $145."

"I was ready to get rid of my 1941 Mercury when it began to use two quarts of oil every 100 miles and I discovered that a motor overhaul would cost me $145 After treatment with Pepgo Ring Seal I use only two quarts of oil in 1400 miles. Pepgo Ring Seal has saved me a $145 motor overhaul expense which I could not afford The price of the tube has already been paid for several times over in oil and gas savings alone." E.K., Oxford Village, Pa.

(Full statements of above and many more including service departments, mechanics, etc., available on request.)

YOU RISK NOTHING

Just prove it for yourself at our risk. PEPGO Ring Seal is guaranteed harmless. It cannot harm the finest car in any way. It can only improve and protect your motor. (Of course it will not correct mechanically defective parts.) Try PEPGO Ring Seal in your engine for a full 30 days. If you are not satisfied that everything we have led you to expect is absolutely true—just return the empty tube and we will refund the full purchase price.

30 DAY FREE TRIAL—SEND NO MONEY

You risk nothing. Just fill in the coupon below and we will rush your PEPGO RING SEAL kit together, with full, clear, simple instructions anyone can easily follow by return mail. Just a few easy, pleasurable minutes later your car will begin to operate in a manner that will truly amaze you. Run your car after the PEPGO treatment for a full 30 days. If you are not completely delighted with the results, if your car doesn't run quieter, smoother, with more pep and pick up, less oil and gas consumption then just return the empty tubes for prompt refund of the full purchase price. We stand behind the product. We guarantee—fully satisfactory results, or your money back. 6 cylinder cars require one tube—only $2.98, 8 cylinder cars 2 tubes—only $4.98. This is a special offer. PEPGO sold before for $4.45 per tube. So rush coupon today

MODERN MART, Dept. 200-P
35 Wilbur St., Lynbrook, N. Y.

Name.....

Address.....

Rush ..... tubes of Pepgo Ring Seal together with kit and easy instructions.

☐ 6 Cylinder cars (1 tube) $2.98 ☐ 8 Cylinder cars (2 tubes) $4.98

☐ Send C.O.D I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage. If I do not see immediate improvement, if after even 30 days' use I am not completely satisfied that I have gotten improved Pep, pickup, performance and economy for my car I may return the empty tubes for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

☐ I enclose payment. Modern Mart will pay postage. Same Money Back Guarantee.

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man. OUR 40th YEAR.

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security

Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned $12 to $15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunneytown, Pennsylvania.

"Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

"Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

"Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

"By the time I graduated I had paid for my course, a car and testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

Start Soon to Make $10, $15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make $10, $15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

My Training Is Up-To-Date

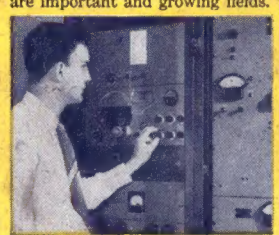
You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send

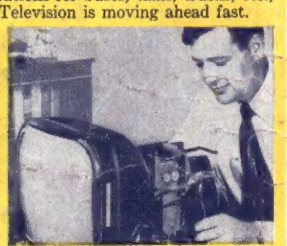
Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make $10, $15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

The Tested Way To Better Pay!

Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.



25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as $5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 5HP9, Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

Good for Both—FREE

The ABC's of SERVICING

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5HP9.
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone....State.....

VETS write in date of discharge .....